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MODERN ENGLISH WIT.

No. I.

Is there a witty man now living in England? We have often asked this question, and we have never yet received a satisfactory answer. 'A witty man!' said an exceedingly grave and little gentleman in black, to whom we one day proposed it with a look of extreme intelligence! 'A witty man! pray, Sir, what do you mean by wit?' Now, the little grave gentleman knew perfectly well what we meant by wit; so, without gratifying his taste for disputation, by inventing an extempore definition, which he would have cavilled at for two or three good hours 'by Shrewsbury clock,' we turned to his next neighbour, a young person, who, as he was in the constant habit of frequenting a debating society, in a dubious part of the town, we took it for granted, must be well informed upon every subject that falls within the limits of human cognisance. We were not mistaken. 'No, of course,' he replied, without a moment's hesitation; 'there are not any witty men in England. The great improvement which has taken place in the feelings of society, the taste for discussions upon important questions, the very thinking habits of the present age, in short, Sir, the disposition to study things, allow no room for that play upon words which delighted our ancestors.' 'You consider, then, that wit consists in a play upon words.' 'Certainly.' 'Thank you, Sir; good morning.' 'What an exceedingly silly young man that is!' said a very thin, angular-looking person, with portentous cheek-bones, and a twang of the modern Athens, not only in his voice, but in all his looks, limbs, and gestures: 'What an exceedingly silly young man that must be! I heard him denying that there is any wit in the present day. In the present day, forsooth; which contains a Sidney Smith, a Jeffrey, and a—a—a Brougham. Beyond a doubt, the nineteenth century is the richest in wit, as in every thing, that the world has yet seen.' We did not walk away from this gentleman, because, with great pomp, like the Englishman in Don Juan, he walked away from us.

Which of these opinions, then, is the true one? Is wit extinct among us, because we are such an improving nation that we have outgrown it; or must we, with deep humiliation, acknowledge that we are still in our swaddling clothes, that we have the misery, even in this advanced stage of civilisation, to be the wittiest nation in the world? We hope to be able to prove that there are at least no data for the last melancholy supposition; and, perhaps, before we conclude, we may venture a hint or two respecting the consequent necessity of adopting the former opinion. There are, we apprehend, three sets of men, among whom, if any where, it is to be looked for: viz., DINERS-OUT, WRITERS IN REVIEWS AND PERIODICALS, and GENTLEMEN AT THE BAR. Besides, we do not know that there is any set of professors; for we do not suppose that any human being will accuse us of a very grave neglect, if we omit to discuss the claims of the present school of dramatists. If these gentlemen, or any of them, fancy themselves aggrieved, they may appeal to be heard by their counsel at our bar; but, till they make that request, we shall, as much from a feeling of delicacy as from any other motive, forbear to consider their pretensions.

With regard to the first class of professors in

the art, to whom we have made allusion, we fear we shall be accused of speaking upon insufficient and unfair evidence. We shall be told that a DINER-OUT is bound, by the principle of his particular calling, and indeed by the general principles of commerce all over the world, to apportion the quality of the thing given to the quality of the thing received; that the flavour of the wit and of the wines rise by the same law; that the expressed juice of the joke is probably to be tasted nowhere but at the table of a prince of the blood-royal, since it is no doubt diluted even for the use of ordinary dukes, is weakened still further for the service of marquises, has become one half water before it is presented to a baron; and consequently that we, who probably have only sipped it at the houses of simple esquires, can have had no possible means of determining its strength and richness. We shall be told also that the case is not improved by our having received the wine though warranted genuine at second-hand; for that, though all table-reporters are not guilty of the offence imputed to one of them, (who, rushing breathless into a party to repeat the conundrum, 'What is Majesty deprived of its externals?' which we had then heard for the first time, declared, amid the pauses of an hysterical laugh, that the answer was a *joke*.) yet that they certainly are given, if rival wits, from jealousy—if no wits, from incapacity, to shake and discompose, if not to adulterate, the liquid, before they pour it out. All this, we admit, is true; but it is not much to the purpose: for, as every one knows, the DINERS-OUT, being themselves aware of the inconvenience which they must suffer from imperfect, hasty, or illiberal reports, or being anxious to afford an innocent gratification to the lower classes, or contemplating, as wise men will contemplate, the chance of a time arriving when the doors of the great ones may move more rustily than they do at present, and when, therefore, it would not be inconvenient to have some reserve of reputation among the little ones:—acting upon one, or other, or all of these motives, they very wisely endeavour that copies of their jokes shall find their way into the daily sources of intelligence, (as the members of the House of Commons call what men call newspapers,) and also that no such copy shall appear which has not been most carefully inspected and revised by the makers. This being the case, we trust that, in spite of our admitted disadvantages, we may venture to pass our opinion on the subject.

The question which we wish to consider is not, whether the jokes which you see vended in the papers as the productions of the DINERS-OUT do, or do not, fulfil the idea of good conversation. We are perfectly willing to allow that good conversation is the most difficult of all accomplishments—of course, that which requires the most study; and, since these jokes display the longest and most laborious study, we should be idle to dispute that they have at least one claim to this great distinction. They are also the essence of conversation in another way; for they will not stand alone. The jest may have been brought to the highest possible sharpness in the closet: but that is nothing, till some kind friend, *exors ipse secundi*, has generously allowed it to take an edge upon the flat and oily surface of his absurdity. But this is not the point. Can these jests be called wit? Are the utterers of them men] of wit? With great reluctance, but

with as great decision, we answer, No!—unless it be by some strange misnomer that this name has been applied to a certain quality which we discover in Shakspeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Sterne, Swift, and Richter.

Between these five men there are scarcely five points in common; and yet, without in the least changing the definition to suit any one of them, mankind has determined that they all had wit. Either this decision must be reversed, or our point must be cleared up, which at present seems to present an insurmountable obstacle to the table-wits being admitted to share their immortality. So far as we are able to perceive, the wit in the older man is good in and for itself,—not as an ornament or set-off of something else. The wit is always existing; and the occasions for its development must come, or it will shape occasions for itself. The tree is alive, and it must put out its leaves in due season; and, therefore, the spring-gale and the sunshine always come to assist it. With our modern table-talkers, the case seems to us exactly the reverse. Their wit belongs, like that of their predecessors, to the circumstances which called it forth, but in a different sense; for it is the child and creation of these circumstances. The wit is, it is true, made before the circumstances actually happen; but every one knows that the circumstances are imagined before the joke. Take away the covers, or forget them while you are reading the joke, and what is it worth? The wit, in fact, is merely a sauce to the more substantial provisions, and a sauce which is adapted to the nature and quality of those provisions. A joke which is to be taken with brown meat, would be entirely out of place with white meat. In short, the humour of diners-out is merely the result of those imperfections which still adhere to the science of cookery.

There is something still wanting to the palate after our present cooks have done their utmost, and that something is supplied by the jesters. But, when we see the mighty advances which that science has made of late years, when we think what a flood of new facts have burst in upon us from the transcendent labours of Uxæ, and what clear views of the method in which this study is to be pursued that great man has disclosed to us, we cannot but look forward to the time arriving, and that soon, when it will become complete and circular, when it will not acknowledge its weakness by courting adventitious aid, but when, sufficing to its own wants, it will proclaim the age of the DINERS-OUT to be no more.

We pass on to the wits of the English Bar.

(To be continued.)

* Mr. Thomas Moore has written two octavo volumes, in which he considers Mr. Sheridan in the character of a politician, a dramatist, and an orator. This arrangement, we think, discovers that entire absence of logic for which Mr. Moore is so conspicuous. The true method was, of course, to consider him in his great original character of a DINER-OUT, and to trace all his other exhibitions merely as reflections of this. But then, it will be said, does not Mr. Sheridan succeed in making us laugh when he transfers to the stage and the House of Commons the joke, the appropriate place of which was undoubtedly the dinner-table; and is not this a contradiction of our assertions. No; for the cause of the pleasure we receive Sheridan's speeches and dramas is the surprise they occasion us. We are startled to find that in one place which of right belongs to another. It is the same pleasure as we find from seeing fancy language in print.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

Travels in Arabia, comprising an Account of those Territories in Hedjaz, which the Mohammedans regard as sacred. By the late John Lewis Burckhardt. 4to. pp. 478. Colburn. London, 1828.

This volume is a valuable legacy from one of the most laborious, learned, and amiable of modern travellers. There have been some travellers who had as sound a knowledge of Oriental literature, some not less intelligent in applying it, and a few equally ready to make sacrifices for the purpose of acquaintance thoroughly with the people among whom they sojourned; but a person uniting all these qualifications is a rarity which it is very seldom one's lot to meet with,—a rarity of which Burckhardt is the most striking, if not the only, specimen. His present volume, though not perhaps possessing equal interest with his travels in Nubia, is nevertheless entitled, as much from its intrinsic worth as from the merit of the author, to our earliest attention.

The volume opens with an account of one of those incidents by which the life of a traveller who habitually assumed the character of a peasant in the countries through which he passed, must have been frequently diversified.

'My arrival in the Hedjaz was attended with some unfavourable circumstances. On entering the town of Djidda, in the morning of the 15th of July, 1824, I went to the house of a person on whom I had a letter of credit, delivered to me, at my departure from Cairo, in January, 1813, when I had not yet fully resolved to extend my travels into Arabia. From this person I met with a very cold reception; the letter was thought to be of too old a date to deserve notice: indeed, my ragged appearance might have rendered any one cautious how he committed himself with his correspondents, in paying me a large sum of money on their account; bills and letters of credit are, besides, often trifled with in the mutual dealings of Eastern merchants; and I thus experienced a flat refusal, accompanied, however, with an offer of lodgings in the man's house. This I accepted for the first two days, thinking that, by a more intimate acquaintance, I might convince him that I was neither an adventurer nor an impostor; but, finding him inflexible, I removed to one of the numerous public khans in the town, my whole stock of money being two dollars and a few sequins, sewed up in an amulet which I wore on my arm. I had little time to make melancholy reflections upon my situation; for, on the fourth day after my arrival, I was attacked by a violent fever, occasioned, probably, by indulging too freely in the fine fruits which were then in the Djidda market; an imprudence which my abstemious diet, for the last twelve months, rendered, perhaps, less inexcusable, but certainly of worse consequence. I was for several days delirious; and nature would probably have been exhausted, had it not been for the aid of a Greek captain, my fellow-passenger from Souakin. He attended me in one of my lucid intervals, and, at my request, procured a barber, or country physician, who bled me copiously, though with much reluctance, as he insisted that a potion, made up of ginger, nutmeg, and cinnamon, was the only remedy adapted to my case. In a fortnight after, I had sufficiently recovered to be able to walk about; but the weakness and languor which the fever had occasioned, would not yield to the damp heat of the atmosphere of the town; and I owed my complete recovery to the temperate climate of Tayf, situated in the mountains behind Mekka, where I afterwards proceeded.'—Pp. 1, 2.

The refusal of the Djidda merchant, and his illness, reduced Burckhardt to great difficulties. He wrote to Cairo for money; but this it was impossible for him to receive in less than three or four months. He had nearly determined to adopt the last resource of manual labour, and was only awaiting the issue of a very doubtful experiment upon the liberality of the Pasha of the district to execute his intention, when he was unexpectedly relieved by the physician to the Pasha's son, who, having heard of the traveller, and being interested in his conversation, consented to give him money for a Cairo bill,—a favour which, he remarks, though it would be thought little of in Europe, was, under the circumstances in which he was placed, quite extraordinary. The reply of the

Pasha was more favourable than he expected, as he sent Mr. Burckhardt a suit of clothes and an invitation. On this subject he makes a remark which, as it may be important to Oriental travellers, we extract.

'Some persons, perhaps, consider it an honour to receive presents from Pashas; but I think differently. I know that the real motive of a Turk in making presents, is either to get double the value in return, (which could not be the case with me,) or to gratify his own pride in showing to his courtiers that he deigns to be liberal towards a person whom he holds infinitely below him in station or worth. I have often witnessed the sneers of the donor and his people on making such presents; and their sentiments are sometimes expressed by the saying, "Look, he has thrown a morsel to this dog!" Few Europeans may, perhaps, agree with me in this respect; but my knowledge authorises me to form this opinion: and the only advice which I can give to travellers who would not lower themselves in the estimation of Turkish grandees, is to be always ready, on similar occasions, to return the supposed favour two-fold. As for myself, I had but seldom occasion to make presents during my travels; and this was the only one that I was ever obliged to accept.'—P. 7, Note.

Mr. Burckhardt furnishes very minute details respecting the situations, buildings, and trade of Djidda, the port of Egypt. To make this sketch more complete, he adopts the singular method of enumerating all the shops in the town, with the different articles sold in each; and, in his commentary upon each head, he often throws a curious light upon the habits and notions of the people. As, for instance:

'Twenty-one butter-sellers, who likewise retail honey, oil, and vinegar. Butter forms the chief article in Arab cookery, which is more greasy than even that of Italy. Fresh butter, called by the Arabs *zeble*, is very rarely seen in the Hedjaz. It is a common practice amongst all classes to drink every morning a coffee-cup full of melted butter or *ghee*, after which coffee is taken. They regard it as a powerful tonic, and are so much accustomed to it from their earliest youth, that they would feel great inconvenience in discontinuing the use of it. The higher classes content themselves with drinking the quantity of butter; but the lower orders add a half-cup more, which they *snuff* up their nostrils, conceiving that they prevent foul air from entering the body by that channel. The practice is universal as well with the inhabitants of the town as with Bedouins. The lower classes are likewise in the habit of rubbing their breast, shoulders, arms, and legs, with butter, as the negroes do, to refresh the skin. During the war, the import of this article from the interior had almost entirely ceased; but, even in time of peace, it is not sufficient for the consumption of Djidda; some therefore, brought also from Sowakin; but the best sort, and that which is in the greatest plenty, comes from Massowah, and is called here *Dahlak* butter: whole ships' cargoes arrive from thence, the greater part of which is again carried to Mecca. Butter is likewise imported from Cosseir; this comes from Upper Egypt, and is made from buffaloes' milk; the Sowakin and Dahlak ghee is from sheep's milk.'—Pp. 27, 28.

It is very impolitic in the members of a Government to join a heretical sect:

'After the sheriff had embraced the Wahabi doctrine, his income was greatly diminished; because Saoud, the chief of the Wahabis, insisted that the goods of all his followers should pass duty-free, and thus the greater part of the coffee-trade became exempt.'—P. 49.

The route from Djidda was not remarkable for any incident; but it passes through the most delightful part of the Hedjaz; which is described with all the enthusiasm of a traveller who had been used to desert heat and dreariness. A person must be in a very melancholy or very immoral state of mind who does not feel his spirits refreshed, and his whole heart better, for hearing an eastern traveller speak of the time when the sun was 'just rising, when every leaf and blade of grass was covered with balmy dew, and every tree and shrub diffused a fragrance as delicious to the smell as the landscape to the eye;' but it would be a still worse sign, if we could not appreciate the ecstasy which he must have felt on meeting,

in the lone desert of human nature, with such a memorial as the following:

'We ascended by a road, still bad, although Mohammed Ali Pasha had recently caused it to be repaired. The country around was very wild, being covered with large blocks of loose stones, carried down by the winter torrents, and interspersed with a few acacia and nebek trees. At one hour we came to a building of loose stones, called *Kaber, Er'-rafyk*, i. e. the Companion's tomb. The following tradition concerning it was related by my guide. In the last century, a Bedouin returning from the Hadji was joined, beyond the gates of Mekka, by a traveller going the same road with himself; they reached this spot in company, when one of them felt himself so ill, that he was unable to proceed farther, and on the following day the small-pox broke out on his body. In this situation his companion would not abandon him. He built two huts with boughs of acacia trees, one for his friend, the other for himself, and continued to nurse him, and solicit alms for his benefit from passing travellers, until he recovered. But in turn, he himself became ill of the same disease, and was nursed by his convalescent companion with equal kindness, though not with equal success; for he died, and was interred by his friend on this spot, where his tomb serves as a monument of Bedouin generosity, and inculcates benevolence even towards the casual companions of the road.'—Pp. 62, 63.

At Tayf, though he had been summoned there by the Pasha, Mr. Burckhardt's situation was far from pleasant. His pretensions to be a good Musulman were most injuriously disbelieved, and he was suspected of being a spy of the English Government. Bosari, a friend at court, proved, as he generally found the case with Eastern friends, a traitor. As, however, he was kept in a sort of genteel imprisonment at the house of this friend, he took a very effectual method of interesting him in his favour:

'To remain for any length of time at Tayf, in a sort of polite imprisonment, was little to my taste; yet I could not press my departure without increasing his suspicions. This was manifest after my first interview with the Pasha and the Kadhy, and I knew that the reports of Bosari might considerably influence the mind of Mohammed. Under these circumstances, I thought the best course was to make Bosari tired of me, and thus induce him involuntarily to forward my views. I, therefore, began to act at his house with all the petulance of an Osmanly. It being the Radmahan, I fasted during the day, and at night demanded a supper apart; early on the following morning, I called for an abundant breakfast, before the fast re-commenced. I appropriated to myself the best room which his small house afforded; and his servants were kept in constant attendance upon me. Eastern hospitality forbids all resentment for such behaviour; I was, besides, a great man, and on a visit to the Pasha. In my conversations with Bosari, I assured him that I felt myself most comfortably situated at Tayf, and that its climate agreed perfectly with my health; and I betrayed no desire of quitting the place for the present. To maintain a person in my character for any length of time at Tayf, where provisions of all kinds were much dearer than in London, was a matter of no small moment; and a petulant guest is everywhere disagreeable. The design, I believe, succeeded perfectly; and Bosari endeavoured to persuade the Pasha that I was a harmless being, in order that I might be the sooner dismissed.'—Pp. 74, 75.

In a curious conversation with the Pasha, previously to leaving Djidda, he evinced great interest in European politics. A notion of his views of our relations with Egypt may be gathered from the following extract:

'He was eager in his inquiries about the political relations between Great Britain and Russia, and whether it was not likely that war might break out between them, on account of the hostile intentions of the latter towards the Porte. (On this point he had received false intelligence.) His only fear seemed to be that the English army, which had been employed in the south of France, and in Spain, would now be at liberty to invade Egypt. "The great fish swallow the small," he said; "and Egypt is necessary to England, in supplying corn to Malta and Gibraltar." I reasoned with him in vain on this subject, and perceived that the dragoman did not always interpret my answers correctly, from the fear of contradicting the well-known opinions of his master. These opinions, indeed, were deeply-rooted, and had been fostered by the French

mission in Egypt. 'I am the friend of the English,' he continued. (This addressed by a Turk to a Christian, means only that he fears him, or wants his money.) My hope is, that they will not fall upon Egypt during my stay in the Hedjaz. If I am there myself, I shall at least have the satisfaction of fighting personally for my dominions. Of the Sultan I am not afraid, (this he repeatedly asserted, but I much doubt his sincerity,) and I shall know how to outwit him in all his measures. An army from Syria can never attack Egypt by land in very large bodies, from the want of camels; and separate corps are easily destroyed as soon as they have passed the desert.'—Pp. 78, 79.

The journey to Mecca contains nothing worthy of extract. We must pass over also, though with more reluctance, an account of the religious ceremonies performed at entering the mosque, the buildings of Mecca, and the Beitullah. Mr. Burekhardt mentions it as an opinion prevalent at Mecca, and founded on tradition, that this mosque will contain any number of the faithful sect, that, if the whole Mohammedan community entered at once, they would find room, the guardian angels invisibly extending the size of the building, and diminishing the size of the individuals. It is not altogether impossible that Milton, whose studies embraced every imaginable corner of human erudition, may have had this tradition floating in his mind, though without being conscious of it, when he wrote the description of Pandemonium. The following passage confirms the notions which we have seen somewhere broached, that it is only in Christendom that any very permanent feeling of sacredness attaches to religious edifices:

'It is only during the hours of prayer that the great mosques of these countries partake of the sanctity of prayer, or in any degree seem to be regarded as consecrated places. In El Azhar, the first mosque at Cairo, I have seen boys crying pancakes for sale, barbers shaving their customers, and many of the lower orders eating their dinners, where, during prayers, not the slightest motion, nor even whisper, diverts the attention of the congregation. Not a sound but the voice of the Imam is heard during prayers in the great mosque at Mekka, which at other times is the place of meeting for men of business to converse on their affairs, and is sometimes so full of poor hadjys, or of diseased persons lying about under the colonnade, in the midst of their miserable baggage, as to have the appearance of an hospital rather than a temple. Boys play in the great square, and servants carry luggage across it, to pass by the nearest route from one part of the town to the other. In these respects, the temple of Mekka resembles the other great mosques of the East. But the holy Kaaba is rendered the scene of such indecencies and criminal acts as cannot with propriety be more particularly noticed. They are not only practised here with impunity, but, it may be said, almost publicly; and my indignation has often been excited, on witnessing abominations which called forth from other passing spectators nothing more than a laugh or a slight reprimand.'—P. 150.

With one more passage describing the appearance of Mecca after the fast, we will conclude, reserving the most interesting part of the volume for a future notice.

'The termination of the Hadj gives a very different appearance to the temple. Disease and mortality, which succeed to the fatigues endured on the journey, or are caused by the light covering of the ihram, the unhealthy lodgings at Mekka, the bad fire, and sometimes absolute want, fill the mosque with dead bodies, carried thither to receive the Imam's prayer, or with sick persons, many of whom, when their dissolution approaches, are brought to the colonnades, that they may either be cured by a sight of the Kaaba, or at least have the satisfaction of expiring within the sacred enclosure. Poor hadjys, worn out with disease and hunger, are seen dragging their emaciated bodies along the columns; and, when no longer able to stretch forth their hand to ask the passenger for charity, they place a bowl to receive alms near the mat on which they lay themselves. When they feel their last moments approaching, they cover themselves with their tattered garments; and often a whole day passes before it is discovered that they are dead. For a month subsequent to the conclusion of the Hadj, I found, almost every morning, corpses of pilgrims lying in the mosque; myself and a Greek hadji, whom accident had brought

to the spot, once closed the eyes of a poor Mogrebyn pilgrim, who had crawled into the neighbourhood of the Kaaba, to breathe his last, as the Moslems say, "in the arms of the prophet and of the guardian angels." He intimated by signs his wish that we should sprinkle Zemzem water over him; and, while we were doing so, he expired: half an hour afterwards he was buried. There are several persons in the service of the mosque employed to wash carefully the spot on which those who expire in the mosque have lain, and to bury all the poor and friendless strangers who die at Mekka.'—Pp. 160, 161.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

Arcana of Science, or Annual Register of the Useful Arts. Abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies, and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the Past Year. 12mo., pp. 286, 5s. Limbird. London, 1829.

THIS agreeable and useful little volume holds out no promise of entire and absolute novelty to those whose inclinations or pursuits bring them acquainted with mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries, as they necessarily arise before the view of the public, or appear in publications more peculiarly devoted to their instant observation and description. Even, however, to this fastidious class of readers, such a summary as the present volume affords them of yearly increase won to their respective fields of science, must, we think, be very far from unacceptable. And to us, the timid unambitious race of general readers, almost as liable to be frightened into closing a book by the apparition of the smallest diagram, elevation, or figure, with the most innocent-looking letters of the alphabet around it, such an unassuming production as the present which, like a good-humoured person in company, takes care not to sustain any topic at a level above the wits of any present, is, we do not blush to own, extremely welcome. Of its contents, we shall extract a few short specimens, and recommend the rest to more attention from our readers than is convenient to ourselves just now to give.

Improved Bookbinders' Press.

'Mr. Burn has lately introduced an improved method of rendering the books extremely compact and solid, by passing the sheets, when folded, between a pair of powerful rollers, and in some cases inserted in plates of tinned iron or other metal, which method will entirely supersede the old laborious and imperfect one of beating with the hammer, the blows of which, suddenly compressing the air between the leaves, create a heat which is liable to make the printing set off, as it is termed, on the opposite pages.

The press consists of two iron cylinders about a foot in diameter, adjustable in the usual way by means of a screw, and put in motion by the power of one man, or of two, if more convenient, applied to one or two cranked handles. In front of the press sits a boy, who gathers the sheets into packets, by placing two, three, or four upon a piece of tin plate, of the same size, and covering them with another piece of tin plate, and thus proceeding by alternating tin plates and bundles of sheets till a sufficient quantity have been put together, which will depend on the stiffness and thickness of the paper. The packet is then passed between the rollers, and is received by the man who turns the winch, and who has time to lay the sheets on one side, and to hand over the tin plates by the time that the boy has prepared a second packet. Among other books that were pressed in presence of the committee was a minion Bible, which was passed through the press in one minute, whereas the time necessary to beat the same would have been twenty minutes. It is not, however, merely a saving of time that is gained by the use of the rolling-press; the paper is made smoother than it would have been by beating, and the compression is so much greater, that a rolled book will be reduced to about five-sixths of the thickness of the same book if beaten. A shelf, therefore, that will hold fifty books beaten in the usual manner would hold nearly sixty of such if rolled in Mr. Burn's manner,—a circumstance of no small importance, when it is considered how large a space even a moderate library occupies, and that bookcases are an expensive article of furniture.'—Pp. 12, 13.

Stone Dials.

'The faces of the clocks of the new churches at Chelsea and Norwood, of the Royal Mews, Pimlico, and of

the new clock tower, Windsor Castle, have all, on the recommendation of Mr. Vulliamy, the eminent horologist, been made of stone. In a small pamphlet which Mr. V. has published on the subject of public clocks generally, he says,—"Stone being an absorbent, and not so good a conductor of heat as metal, the paint adheres better and lasts longer, and does not require to be renewed so often as on the copper dial. Another advantage of the stone dial is, that the centre can be sunk, and the hour hand made to traverse in the sinking. This enables the minute hand to be close to the figures, and then almost all error from the effect of parallax is avoided, which, in the copper dial, is very considerable: especially when the minute hand points at or near 15 and 45 minutes, and the hands are both above the dial. In the stone dials of Chelsea new church, and the Royal Mews, Pimlico, the figures are cut in the stone, and sunk about the eighth of an inch, after the manner of the Egyptian monuments, from which I derived the idea. By this method, supposing the dial accurately divided, and the figures well shaped in the first instance, they will always remain so."—Pp. 69, 70.

Heating Water by Gas.

'Water might be heated by the gas lamps of shops, by simply having a double funnel of the flame, the vacuum filled with water, and communicating with the reservoir to be heated by a going and returning pipe. No house in London having a shop, need require any fire-places or chimneys but for the purpose of cookery; and, indeed, were gas only a little cheaper, fires in large cities might be dispensed with altogether. It would be easy to render gas an elegant substitute for a fire in a drawing-room; while the heat, as it passed up the chimney, might be communicated to pipes connected with reservoirs of water for heating other parts of the house. Most kinds of cookery might also be effected by gas; and what could not, would only require a little coke or charcoal. The gas lights of churches and other public buildings might, in many cases, communicate heat as well as light, simply by having a double spiral funnel over the flame, and a going tube *a*, a returning tube *b*, and a pressure or balance tube *c*, communicating with a reservoir; which reservoir might either be under the floor or in any part of the house between the floor and the roof. But perhaps the best way of heating churches would be to have two or three solar concentrators on the roof, communicating with an immense cistern under the floor. There would at least be enough of sunshine during the week to produce heat for Sundays. The immersion tanks of baptist chapels might be located in this way, the water of public and private baths, and the mode is applicable to a variety of other cases. The only question is, as to the expense of the concentrators, and the machinery requisite to keep them continually at the proper angle to the sun's rays.'—Pp. 73, 74.

In the lamentable want of good coffee in England, let every lover of his country who has not read the following, read it:

French method of making Coffee.

'The principal points are these: The coffee, Turkey or Bourbon, should be roasted only till it is of a cinnamon colour, and closely covered up during the process of roasting. In France this is done in closed iron cylinders, turned over a fire by a handle like a grindstone. The coffee should be coarsely ground soon after it is roasted, but not until quite cool; some think its aroma is better preserved by beating in a mortar; but this is tedious. The proportions for making coffee are usually one pint of boiling water to two and a half ounces of coffee. The coffee being put into the water, the coffee-pot should be covered up, and left for two hours surrounded with hot cinders, so as to keep up the temperature, without making the liquor boil. Occasionally stir it, and after two hours' infusion, remove it from the fire, and allow it a quarter of an hour to settle, and, when perfectly clear, decant it. Isinglass, or hartshorn shavings, are sometimes used to clarify coffee; but by this addition you lose a great portion of its delicious aroma.

'Coffee in England is generally over-roasted, and from this fault arise all the inconveniences which are so often attributed to coffee, but which, in reality, are produced by the imperfect modes of its preparation.—From the Coffee-Drinker's Manual, translated from the French.'—P. 250.

We recommend the following passage to all lovers of the marvellous:

Youthful Ingenuity.

'A young gentleman, a native of Elgin, lately printed several copies of an 18mo. work, extending to nearly

70 pages. He made the whole of the types with his own hand, and with the assistance of no other implement than a penknife. He also constructed the press with which the work was printed, and manufactured his own ink. What is perhaps as singular is, that he composed, corrected, and printed the whole impression with his own hand, without having received the slightest direction from any individual, or ever having seen a printing establishment, or any thing belonging to it.—P. 40.

CLAPPERTON'S TRAVELS.

Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Soccatoo. By the late Commander Clapperton, of the Royal Navy. To which is added, The Journal of Richard Lander from Kano to the Sea-coast, partly by a more Eastern Route. 4vo., pp. 356. Murray, London.

THE energy of Europeans has, within the last few years, succeeded in exploring a large portion of the interior of Africa. The immense difficulties which Nature and the barbarism of the inhabitants oppose to the entrance of travellers, or, at least, of European travellers, have been found not to be insurmountable. In the year 1823, Denham and Clapperton left Tripoli, and, proceeding by the way of Fezzan, took a southerly direction across the Great Desert, and arrived at the kingdom of Bornou, of which the name alone had hitherto been known to us. They found here a people evidently very low in the scale of civilisation, but still considerably advanced beyond the savage state. The inhabitants of Bornou were found living in towns which they had discovered the art of fortifying; and they cultivated the soil instead of depending for support on the precarious returns of hunting and fishing. They had a tolerably settled government, though of a very despotic nature: they had an administration of justice, which possibly answered the purposes for which laws are instituted with as much certainty, as much expedition, and as much cheapness as that of our own country; and the streets of New Birnee enjoyed the protection of a police which need not yield in efficiency to that which protects the persons and property of the inhabitants of London. And from Major Denham's account, the morals of the people seem to have been subjected to the rigid superintendence of a prince who, like some worthy persons in Christendom, required in others a strict observance of those moral duties which he himself was not tempted to violate.

This king, or Sheikh of Bornou, seems, however, to have been really an enlightened prince. He particularly displayed his anxiety for the improvement of his country, and his knowledge of the means by which it would be best effected by the eagerness which he manifested to increase his communication with Europe. The same desire seems to have been almost equally felt by Sultan Bello, the chief of the Fellatahs, an African tribe which had lately overrun and subjugated the territory of Houssa Him. Lieutenant Clapperton visited in an excursion to the westward of Bornou, during which he spent some time at Soccatoo, the capital of Bello's dominions; from whence he returned with sundry information derived from that monarch respecting the course of the Niger, sundry maps drawn by the royal hand illustrative of the same, and sundry requests that his brother of England would send out to him a stock of broad-cloths, fire-arms, and knickknacks, together with a physician and a consul to be left at two ports called Funda and Raka, at the southern extremity of his dominions.

On Lieutenant Clapperton's return to England, the Government of this country perceived the importance of cultivating the friendship of Bello, in order to pump out of him further information respecting the course and source of the Niger, (a subject always extremely interesting to the Colonial Office,) to induce him to take measures for abolishing the Slave-trade, and to further the establishment of a commercial intercourse between the empires of Houssa and Great Britain.

For this purpose, Mr. Clapperton was promoted to the rank of Commander, and dispatched with Captain Pearce, and Doctors Morrison and Dickson, to the Bight of Benin, from whence he was to proceed northward to Soccatoo. Doctor Dickson, with an imprudent ardour, precipitated himself on shore at Whiddah, on the coast of Dahomey, and endeavoured to find his way alone to Soccatoo. It is known that he reached the neighbourhood of Youri; but, after that, nothing more was ever heard of him.

Captains Clapperton, and Pearce, and Doctor Morrison, left Lagos, on the coast of Benin, on the 7th December, 1825. On the 27th, Captain Pearce and Doctor Morrison both died; and Clapperton was left to pursue his journey with his servant Lander, and Mr. Houtson, a merchant, who accompanied him as far as Katunga. At Katunga, or Eyeo, the capital of the kingdom of Yarriba, the travellers arrived on the 23d of January, 1826. Here the king was exceedingly civil, and pressed Clapperton to stay for the fests which would take place there; because 'he was now dressed as a common man, but after that he was to be robed as a king.' An account of a visit which he paid to Clapperton is amusing:

'Had a visit from his Majesty. I asked him if the Nyffé messenger had arrived. He said, no; that he must be dead, sick, or taken prisoner. He said we could not go by the road of Nyffé, which was impassable from the wars: what was my hurry to go? He was not yet tired of me; he had many caboceers coming from the country to see me; he wished to put every thing right on the roads for me before I set off; that the King of England did not send me to him to run away again directly; that he wished me much to wait and see the customs, for then I should see him truly a King. I said I would do so with pleasure, but that the rains would have set in by that time, and I should be unable to go to Bornou. He asked what I was going to Bornou for. "Did not the King of England send you to me alone?" "No," said I, "he sent me to you to procure me a passage to that country, where an Englishman now resides, who was left there when I returned thence." I then told him I would consent to remain twelve days longer; and, if he did not by that time find me a passage, I would return to England, and say he would not allow me to proceed. He now informed me that the messenger who arrived yesterday was from one of his provinces called Yaru, five days distance; that it was divided from the Youri by the Quorra; that he would send me by that route, which was quite safe. I asked if I could not go and see the Quorra before I departed from Katunga. He said no: the Fellatahs had possession of the road. He gave me his gooro-nut box, carved in the shape of a tortoise in ebony. I promised to let him have thirty muskets, with powder and ball; on which he went away dancing, tripped and fell, but was soon picked up by his ladies. He always brings us some little present when he comes, and to-day he brought us a bottle of honey, and some fruit called agra, about the size of a pear, with a hard outer skin, four large black seeds, surrounded by a pleasant acid pulp, like tamarinds, of a cream colour."—Pp. 44, 45.

The King of Yarriba told Clapperton that he could not sacrifice his subjects as the King of Dahomey. But, on the occasion of his death, the servility of his subjects administers a savage flattery to his manes.

'When a king of Yourriba dies, the caboceer of Jannah, three other head caboceers, four women, and a great many favourite slaves and others, are obliged to swallow poison, given by fetishmen, in a parrot's egg: should this not take effect, the person is provided with a rope to hang himself in his own house. No public sacrifices are used, at least no human sacrifices, and no one was allowed to die at the death of the last king, as he did not die a natural death, having been murdered by one of his own sons: not the present king. Wives are bought; and according to the circumstances of the bridegroom, so is the price. Three days after the bargain, he and his friends go and bring the wife to his own house, when the pitto, or country beer, is sent about freely amongst the guests.'—P. 49.

Our travellers were entertained with a play, the description of which, long as it is, we shall extract.

'The place chosen for this pastime is the king's

park, fronting the principal door where his majesty usually sits. A fetich house occupies the left side; to the south are two very romantic and large blocks of granite, by the side of which is an old withered tree. On the east are some beautiful shady trees; and on the north his majesty's house, from whence he views the scene. In the centre are two beautiful clumps of trees; in one of which is a tall fan-palm, overlooking the whole area, a space that may include some seven or eight hundred yards square. Under these clumps of trees were seated the actors, dressed in large sacks, covering every part of the body; the head most fantastically decorated with strips of rags, damask silk, and cotton, of as many glaring colours as it was possible. The king's servants attended to keep the peace, and to prevent the crowd from breaking into the square in which the actors were assembled. Musicians also attended with drums, horns, and whistles, which were beaten and blown without intermission.

'The first act consisted in dancing and tumbling in sacks, which they performed to admiration, considering they could not see, and had not the free use of their feet and hands. The second act consisted in catching the *boa constrictor*: first, one of the sack-men came in front and knelt down on his hands and feet; then came out a tall majestic figure, having on a head-dress and masque which baffled all description: it was of a glossy black colour, sometimes like a lion couchant over the crest of a helmet; at another like a black head with a large wig: at every turn he made, it changed the appearance. This figure held in its right hand a sword, and by its superior dress and motions appeared to be the director of the scene; for not a word was spoken by the actors. The manager, as I shall call the tall figure, then came up to the man who was lying in the sack; another sack-dancer was brought in his sack, who by a wave of the sword was laid down at the other's head or feet; he having unsown the end of both sacks, the two crawled into one. There was now great waving of the manager's sword; indeed, I thought that heads were going to be taken off, as all the actors were assembled round the party lying down; but in a few minutes they all cleared away except the manager, who gave two or three flourishes with his sword, when the representation of the *boa constrictor* began. The animal put its head out of the bag in which it was contained, attempting to bite the manager; but at a wave of the sword, it threw its head in another direction to avert the blow; it then began gradually to creep out of the bag, and went through the motions of a snake in a very natural manner, though it appeared to be rather full in the belly; opening and shutting its mouth, which I suspect was the performer's two hands, in the most natural manner imaginable. The length of the creature was spun out to about fourteen feet; and the colour and action were well represented by a covering of painted cloth, imitating that of the *boa*. After following the manager round the park for some time, and attempting to bite him, which he averted by a wave of the sword, a sign was made for the body of actors to come up, when the manager, approaching the tail, made flourishes with his sword as if hacking at that part of the body. The snake gasped, twisted up, and seemed as if in great torture; and, when nearly dead, it was shouldered by the masked actors, still gasping and making attempts to bite, but was carried off in triumph to the fetich house.

'The third act consisted of the white devil. The actors having retired to some distance in the back ground, one of them was left in the centre, whose sack falling gradually down, exposed a white head, at which all the crowd gave a shout that rent the air; they appeared, indeed, to enjoy this sight, as the perfection of the actor's art. The whole body was at last cleared of the incumbrance of the sack, when it exhibited the appearance of a human figure cast in white wax, of the middle size, miserably thin, and starved with cold. It frequently went through the motion of taking snuff, and rubbing its hands: when it walked, it was with the most awkward gait, treading as the most tender-footed white man would go in walking bare-footed, for the first time, over new frozen ground. The spectators often appealed to us, as to the excellence of the performance, and entreated I would look and be attentive to what was going on. I pretended to be fully as much pleased with this caricature of a white man as they could be, and certainly the actor burlesqued the part to admiration. This being concluded, the performers all retired to the fetich house. Between each act, we had choral songs by the king's women, in which the assembled crowd joined their voices.'—Pp. 53—56.

The good taste of entertaining the Europeans

with a White Devil would almost seem to have been caught from that polished court in which one of the members of the royal family entertained the English Ambassador with 'Les Anglaises pour rire.' But we rather think that white must be the legitimate colour of the devil in Africa. The colour of white offends the eyes of the negro. Further on we are told that the Europeans are supposed to be cannibals, and that Park was reported to have had a supply of human flesh ready cooked on board the boat in which he perished. Such are the prejudices of the ignorant against those who differ in any respect from themselves. At length, on the 7th of March, Clapperton left Eys. At Kiama, he was well received by the chief, whose name was Yarro. He then arrived at the city of Boussa, situated on the Quorra, a river which Clapperton supposes to be the Niger. Here he mentions that he wished to buy a musical instrument on which a native of Boussa had played very sweetly to him. 'But he said that he had played on it to his father and mother, and they were pleased with it; they were now dead, and he would not part with it.'

At Boussa, on the Quorra, Captain Clapperton appears to have discovered some certain information respecting the death of Park. Of many stories which he heard on the subject, he considers the most accurate to be the account which he received from an eye-witness of the fate of the unfortunate traveller.

'He said that when the boat came down the river, it happened, unfortunately, just at the time that the Fellatas first rose in arms, and were ravaging Goober and Zamfra; that the sultan of Boussa, on hearing that the persons in the boat were white men, and that the boat was different from any that had ever been seen before, as he had a house at one end, called his people together from the neighbouring towns, attacked and killed them, not doubting that they were the advance guard of the Fellata army then ravaging Soudan, under the command of Malem Danfodio, the father of the present Bello; that one of the white men was a tall man with long hair; that they fought for three days before they were all killed; that the people in the neighbourhood were very much alarmed, and great numbers fled to Nyffé and other countries, thinking that the Fellatas were certainly coming among them. The number of persons in the boats was only four, two white men and two blacks: that they found great treasure in the boat; but that the people had all died who ate of the meat that was found in her. This account I believe to be the most correct of all that I have yet got; and was told without my putting any questions, or showing any eagerness for him to go on with his story.'—Pp. 134, 135.

Lander afterwards had the following account from a mallam or priest.

"You are not, Christian, the first white man I have seen. I knew three of your countrymen very well. They arrived at Youri at the fast of Rhamadan (April). I went with two of them three times to the sultan. The person that appeared to be the head of the party made the sultan a valuable present on one of his visits, which consisted of a handsome gun, a cutlass, a large piece of scarlet cloth, a great quantity of beads, several knives, and a looking-glass. He was a very tall and powerful man, with long arms and large hands, on which he wore leather gloves reaching above the elbows. Wore a white straw hat, long coat, full white trousers, and red leather boots. Had black hair and eyes, with a bushy beard and mustachios of the same colour. The sultan of Youri advised your countrymen to proceed the remainder of the way on land, as the passage by water was rendered dangerous by numerous sunken rocks in the Niger, and a cruel race of people inhabiting the towns on its banks. They refused, however, to accede to this, observing that they were bound to proceed down the Niger to the Salt Water." The old mallam further observed that, "as soon as the sultan of Youri heard of their death, he was much affected; but it was out of his power to punish the people who had driven them into the water. A pestilence reaching Boussa at the time, swept off the king and most of the inhabitants, particularly those who were concerned in the transaction. The remainder, fancying it was a judgment of the white man's God, placed every thing belonging to the Christians in a hut, and set it on fire." It is not a little remarkable that it is now a common

saying, all through the interior of Africa, "Do not hurt a Christian; for, if you do, you will die like the people of Boussa."—Pp. 316, 317.

On the 20th of September, Clapperton arrived at Kano, a large city in the dominions of Bello, whence he departed soon after, in company with the levies for an army which that prince was assembling for an attack on a revolted chief. He met Bello soon after, who received him very civilly, and he proceeded with him to the siege of the rebel city:

'We soon arrived before Coonia, the capital of the rebels of Goobur, which was not above half a mile in diameter, being nearly circular, and built on the bank of one of the branches of the river, or lakes, which I have mentioned. Each chief, as he came up, took his station, which, I suppose, had previously been assigned to him. The number of fighting men brought before the town could not, I think, be less than fifty or sixty thousand, horse and foot, of which the foot amounted to more than nine-tenths. For the depth of two hundred yards, all round the walls was a dense circle of men and horses. The horse kept out of bow-shot, while the foot went up as they felt courage or inclination, and kept up a straggling fire with about thirty muskets, and the shooting of arrows. In front of the sultan, the Zegzeg troops had one French fusil: the Kano forces had forty-one muskets. These fellows, whenever they fired their pieces, ran out of bow-shot to load; all of them were slaves; not a single Fellata had a musket. The enemy kept up a sure and slow fight, seldom throwing away their arrows until they saw an opportunity of letting fly with effect. Now and then a single horse would gallop up to the ditch, and brandish his spear, the rider taking care to cover himself with his large leathern shield, and return as fast as he went, generally calling out lustily, when he got among his own party, "Shields to the wall!" "You people of the Gadado, or Atego," &c. "why don't you hasten to the wall?" To which some voices would call out, "Oh! you have a good large shield to cover you!" The cry of "Shields to the wall" was constantly heard from the several chiefs to their troops; but they disregarded the call, and neither chiefs nor vassals moved from the spot. At length the men in quilted armour went up "per order." They certainly cut not a bad figure at a distance, as their helmets were ornamented with black and white ostrich feathers, and the sides of the helmets with pieces of tin, which glittered in the sun, their long quilted cloaks of gaudy colours reaching over part of the horses' tails, and hanging over the flanks. On the neck, even the horse's armour was notched, or vandyked, to look like a mane; on his forehead and over his nose was a brass or tin plate, as also a semicircular piece on each side. The rider was armed with a large spear; and he had to be assisted to mount his horse, as his quilted cloak was too heavy; it required two men to lift him on; and there were six of them belonging to each governor, and six to the sultan. I at first thought the foot would take advantage of going under cover of these unwieldy machines; but no, they went alone, as fast as the poor horses could bear them, which was but a slow pace. They had one musket in Coonia, and it did wonderful execution; for it brought down the van of the quilted men, who fell from his horse like a sack of corn thrown from a horse's back at a miller's door; but both horse and man were brought off by two or three footmen. He had got two balls through his breast; one went through his body and both sides of the robe; the other went through and lodged in the quilted armour opposite the shoulders.'—Pp. 186, 187.

The most efficient of the Sultan's army seems to have been a female aid-de-camp:

'The most useful, and as brave as any one of us, was an old female slave of the sultan's, a native of Zamfra, five of whose former governors she said she had nursed. She was of a dark copper colour. In dress and countenance very like one of Captain Lyon's female Esquimaux. She was mounted on a long-backed bright bay horse, with a scraggy tail, crop-eared, and the mane as if the rats had eaten part of it; and he was not in high condition. She rode a-straddle; had on a conical straw dish-cover for a hat, or to shade her face from the sun, a short dirty white bed-gown, a pair of dirty white loose and wide trousers, a pair of Houssa boots, which are wide, and came up over the knee, fastened with a string round the waist. She had also a whip and spurs. At her saddle-bow hung about half a dozen gourds, filled with water, and a brass basin to drink out of; and with this she supplied the wounded and thirsty. I certainly was much obliged to her; for she twice gave me a basin of water.'—P. 188.

In the night panic terror seized the Fellata army; and the feudal army of Houssa dispersed ignominiously in the night. This was, however, rather advantageous to Clapperton, to whom it gave an opportunity of offering his present to Bello, and demanding his assistance in his journey to Bornou.

It had, however, before this appeared that Bello's geography and good wishes were rather theoretical than practical. Of the new ports mentioned by him, Funda and Raka, both proved to be inland towns, situated at least 160 miles from the coast. The Sultan appeared to show no anxiety for a commercial intercourse with England; but hints, on the contrary, were thrown out, that the Europeans might be inclined, if once admitted into these countries, to play the game which had succeeded so well in India. Bello was also at war with the Sheikh of Bornou, and seized the letter and arms which were intended for him. Clapperton's warm remonstrances on this treachery, which, after all, was laudable moderation in a powerful barbarian, only brought him into disgrace,—a fact which he very soon perceived, by finding that he was avoided by all the natives. These circumstances seemed to have brought a very great depression in Clapperton's mind. His health had been all along suffering from a degree of fatigue, heat, and exposure, which even his athletic frame could not withstand. On the 11th March, 1827, his Journal ends. In the Journal of his servant, Lander, which succeeds, we are told, that on the 12th he was attacked by dysentery. On the 13th of April, after a severe illness, he died in the arms of Lander, and was buried by him, about five miles from Soccatoo. We can hardly conceive any situation more calculated to excite a wild and fearful interest than that of this faithful servant interring the corpse of his master, unaided by the sympathies of any human being, in that distant and almost unknown land, separated by deserts and savage nations from the civilised world; and in the very heart of Africa, honouring the remains of his lost companion by the most solemn ceremonies of that religion of which he was there the solitary and despised professor.

After some difficulty, Lander succeeded in obtaining Bello's permission to leave Soccatoo. He set out on his journey homewards on the 3d of May; and, after a journey, the unimportant details of which are recorded with minute monotony, he arrived, by a rather more easterly route than that which he had followed to Soccatoo, at Cape Coast Castle on the 31st of January, 1828.

The chief ends for which this journey was undertaken were not attained. The commercial intercourse with Houssa and Bornou was by no means facilitated; but we have discovered the existence of obstacles in the prejudices of the natives which render the establishment of any permanent communication with the interior extremely improbable. The travellers conceive, and with reason, that they have established the identity of the Joliba, or Quorra, with the river of Benin; but it is doubtful whether this river can in any way be considered as the Niger of the ancient geographers. But this is surely the most unimportant object for which European travellers could be sent out on a long and hazardous expedition. When the interior of Africa is thoroughly known, it may be somewhat interesting to people who have nothing better to think about, to inquire which of the many rivers of the interior was in former times designated by the name of Niger.

The mystery which hung over the fate of Park seems now to be perfectly cleared up; and it is satisfactory to know that this most enterprising and ingenious traveller did not perish by a painful or lingering death.

The country over which Clapperton and Lander travelled is interesting as exhibiting a soil of the most various fertility, possessed by an immense population in a state far advanced beyond the savage, but below even the barbarism of

Asia, though, from various circumstances, perhaps most likely to advance to civilisation. But Clapperton and his servant were both ignorant men. They give us but passing hints respecting the manners and government of the strange and interesting tribes which they visited. They do not attempt to explain the phenomena of such an enormous population subsisting on the produce of the soil in such insecurity of property. They tell us little of the nature of that strange creed of the worshippers of the Fetish whom they found every where intermingled with the disciples of Mohammed. Their rude and enormous sculptures, which represent the objects which are adored or feared under the name of Fetish, and the whimsical and often cruel rites and duties to which the worshippers submit, extend over an immense portion of the African continent, and impress the mind of the civilised spectator with wonder at so ancient, so extensive, and yet so anomalous a manifestation of the religious feeling. Some light might have been thrown on this interesting subject by a better-informed traveller; and, in spite of Mr. Barrow's introductory eulogium on ignorance, we cannot help regretting that the danger of the journey renders the qualification of stout limbs more necessary than that of a philosophical mind to the African traveller.

LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.—No. I.

Natural Theology; or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, collected from the Appearances of Nature. Hessey. London, 1829.

WE entirely agree with a sensible writer in the last number of 'The London Magazine,' that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, would do well to increase the interest of their publications, and at the same time to give them a more living and practical tendency, by publishing in addition to mere scientific treatises, historical sketches and professional biographies, memoirs, or tales, in which the interest is derived from the exhibition of characters, placed amid a variety of incidents and struggling through various temptations to a definite end. A mere omission of theological essays certainly does not entitle this society to the epithet which has been bestowed upon it of an infidel body. If there be any thing irreligious in the plans which it has hitherto pursued, we should be inclined to fix upon the hard dry barren character which has been apparent even in those of their essays that are not professedly scientific; and the argument which might thence be drawn, that they consider that the intellect ought at all times to be exclusively addressed, as rendering them most liable to the charge. And we think that this evil and its consequences would be in a great degree removed, if the plan suggested by our contemporary were well and wisely acted out.

It is exceedingly proper, however, that the omission of which the society is avowedly guilty, should be supplied from some other quarter, and we are glad, therefore, to hail the appearance of this 'Library of Religious Knowledge.' Some of the subjects proposed to be treated of hereafter, seem to us exceedingly well contrived to fulfil the design of such a work, such especially as the 'History of Christianity to the Reformation,' 'History of the Reformation,' 'History of the Church since the Reformation.' Of others, such as the 'History of the Opinions of the different Sects,' we are more doubtful; and we should have been glad to have seen a greater sprinkling of biographies. Surely lives of Hooker, of Leighton, of Taylor, and of some of the more eminent non-conformists, would be better than many volumes of abstract discussion.

The first number which is upon our table is a statement of the argument in favour of the Being of a God from *design*. We have some doubts about the propriety of resting a doctrine so all-important to religion and morality upon an argument which is so little connected with our own

feelings and conscience; but, waiving that doubt which we believe is not generally felt, we can have no hesitation in expressing our approbation of the clearness and simplicity with which the principle is stated and enforced. In the last particular we think this number of 'The Religious Library' is superior to the majority of those of its 'useful' predecessor.

We quote the following passage as a specimen of the style of the work, and likewise because the principle it enforces is so valuable:

'Occasions will arise in human life to put our most habitual principles to the test; and it is a matter of the highest importance, at such times, to know on what ground we stand. When actually placed in such circumstances, it is a painful, and frequently an abortive, undertaking to attempt the investigation. The season of mental serenity and cheerfulness, therefore, may be well devoted to a study so calculated to delight us during the pursuit, and to repay us with so valuable a return when we may most need it.

'But *impression* is another valuable result of such inquiries.

'There is scarcely any comparison between the effect those truths have upon our understanding and conduct, which we have received upon authority only, and those of which we have examined the proofs and evidences for ourselves. It has been also remarked, with the greatest accuracy, that almost every man has some particular train of thinking, into which his mind involuntarily falls when at leisure from other pursuits. It is this train of thinking which, perhaps, chiefly determines the character of the individual. It will readily be perceived, then, how important it is that this property of our constitution should be secured on the side of virtue. This will be done very effectually by gaining a habit of referring the works of nature to a supreme intelligent author. We are on all sides continually surrounded by these objects. The knowledge necessary to the employment is simple and soon acquired; while to a mind habituated thus to contemplate them, they afford an inexhaustible source of pleasing and grateful employment. In a moral point of view, it is a habit which aids every good intention and desire, by realizing to the mind that fundamental truth of all religion, the being of God; and, in a religious respect, it supplies endless opportunities for devout sentiment and meditation: the world, thenceforth, becomes a temple, and life one continued act of adoration.'—Pp. 17, 18.

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

L'Écriture Sainte éclaircie par des Monumens Phénico-Assyriens et Égyptiens. Par Michelange Lanci, Interprète des Langues Orientales. Paris, 1828, *Holy Writ Illustrated from Phœnicic-Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments.* By Michelange Lanci, Translator of Oriental Languages.

To employ the study of the learned languages in searching out the meanings of ancient monuments, which, notwithstanding the obscurity of intervening ages, still attest, in mysterious language, the origin, the greatness, the power, the topographical extent, the political importance, the peaceful and warlike arts, the external and internal commerce, and the degree of civilization, to which, by the cultivation of literature and science, the nations had arrived who have acquired so much renown, and thence to find an entrance into the sanctuary of ancient learning,—is the true end of archæological philology. It is thus that in our days such rapid progress has been made in this science, which the pens of the learned have rendered a fruitful source of useful discovery; and, following this course, the Abbé Lanci, whose knowledge of the Eastern languages is so extensive and profound, has, within a short period, produced three interesting publications on the monuments of Phœnicia and Egypt, the most important of which is that which we are now about to analyse. It is divided into four parts: in the first chapter of the first part, we have a detailed analysis of the Phœnician letters, of which a complete alphabet is given, and then follows a literal explanation of all the fragments contained in the Phœnicic-Assyrian text which occasioned the publication of the entire work. The second chapter contains an explanation of the

word *Eloim*, and a demonstration of the use of the Arabic tongue towards understanding the meaning of the sacred text in Zachariah ix. 17. The author also ventures a new opinion as to the antediluvian giants, and God's repenting him that he had made man, and enters into an examination of part of the sixth chapter of Genesis, showing how mankind were classified before the Deluge. He then recurs to his former statement about *Eloim* in the singular, and applies it to certain passages in the Psalms and other books of Scripture. In the third and last chapter of this book, he proves from Genesis xvi. that *Azzazel* is a name of God, and that the two goats were offered by Aaron to the God of Israel; and then explains from scripture the Egyptian rite of offering to Osiris and Anubis.

The first chapter of the second part relates to altars, and contains a discourse explanatory of the Egyptian monuments, and the Greek and Roman monuments of Egyptian origin. In the second chapter he explains the Mosaic candlestick, and inquires why the utensils which God appointed to that great legislator are similar to those of Egypt. He then analyses the most important words in the description of the candlestick occurring in Exodus xxv., and, in pursuance of this analysis, explains Lamentations i. 14.; and, after speaking of the material of the candlestick, and of the situation of the seven lamps, he refutes other opinions put forth on the subject. In the third and last chapter of this part are explained the two pillars of Solomon's Porch, called Jachim and Booz, and the errors which have crept into other versions, in making the analysis of these most difficult words, are pointed out. The author then applies them to Canticles viii. 8., showing that there is no indecency in the terms there employed, and that the offensive expressions are entirely due to the ignorance of translators. This is followed by a digression on the Canticles themselves, in which they are defended from the charge of obscenity. The inscription at the top of the two pillars is explained, and all the biblical versions mentioning them are harmonized. The chapter closes with an examination of the form of the pillars, and the application of the symbols explained in the Bible to the Egyptian monuments.

The first chapter of the third part treats of the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the Ark. The origin of the symbolical solar disks is explained, the different opinions as to the form of the Cherubim reviewed, and an analysis of the word Cherub given. Then follows a new opinion of the author on their forms, compared with the Egyptian symbols and applied to the biblical texts which speak of the Cherubim. At the same time he explains the Seraphic forms, the Serpent Seraphs, the Seraph which inflamed the lips of the prophet Isaiah; and the chapter ends with a description of the form, the ornaments, and the symbols of the Ark of the Covenant. The second chapter treats of the vestments of the High-priest, and particularly of the Ephod and the Ephoda, as well as the ornaments engraven on the precious stones among the names of the children of Israel; it closes with the description of the Tiara, and an explanation of the whole of Exodus xxvii. In the third chapter of this part is given an explanation of the Urim and Thummim, and Teraphim; and it is shown that the meaning of the first two words is included in the third. In speaking of the *Ehoai* of Laban, Jacob, Mica, and that of Michal David's wife, an explanation is furnished of the Teraphim, the Urim and Thummim of Hosea, Samuel, Ezekiel, Zachariah, the Book of Numbers, Deuteronomy, Ezra, and Nehemiah.

The fourth part is divided into four chapters, the first of which contains a digression on the consultations of the Urim and Thummim; and, after enumerating the opinions of other writers, the author gives his own view of this protogrammatic mystery. He then analyses the two passages

opened by means of this key, and gives a novel opinion as to the mode of sacerdotal consultation. From this he proceeds to the origin of Amulets, and makes the application to Egyptian customs. The chapter closes with a discourse on the origin of figures and of the cabalistic art. The letters Aleph and Tau form the subject of the second chapter, in which the utility of studying the ancient alphabets is shown. After having analysed the letters alluded to, the author enters on an explanation of the Tau of Ezekiel, of Job, and of Psalm lxxviii; and, by a new translation of Samuel xxvii., he furnishes an exact statement of the nature of David's alleged falsehood in the presence of Achis. Here also occur a digression explanatory of certain phrases in Isaiah, Proverbs, and Psalm ix., and an exposition of the different significations, protogrammatic, symbolical, and enigmatical, included in the Aleph and Tau of the Apocalypse, of St. Paul's 'Maranatha,' and of the divine name *Al*, found upon the Urim. The third chapter treats of the Semitic and Mosaic alphabets. The author examines the order of this alphabet before Moses, and of the prayer which it expressed. He restores to the names of the letters that compose it their ancient meanings, and disposes the elements of it in their primitive succession. A reason is assigned for the new alphabetical order established by Moses; and a clue is furnished to the secret contained in his new disposition, with an explanation of a phrase interpreted by means of the cypher, which is exactly described. M. Lanci points out the manner of applying the Aleph and Tau of the Apocalypse to the key of the Mosaic alphabet, and the Phœnician *Elet* to the same key. Referring to the keys of the secret writings of the Egyptian priests, he explains a passage from Opulejus, who speaks of them, and who, to the present day, has never been adequately understood. He finally examines the Mosaic key reduced to the form of the Egyptian ones, engraved on the scarabei, and gives his opinion of the hand-writing against Balthazar, explained by the prophet Daniel. It is also demonstrated that the Aleph and the Tau are a divine name, and an adverbial particle; and the Mosaic *Soph* is applied to the name given by Pharaoh to Joseph, and also to that of Asenet his wife. The concluding chapter contains a demonstration of the origin of the Phœnicio-Assyrian alphabet. The derivation of its elements is traced to hieroglyphics; and, after some reasoning on hieroglyphics in general, and on the tables of Ammon, the chapter terminates with a brief recapitulation of the whole work.

Having endeavoured to give some idea of the plan pursued by the author of this interesting work, we shall subjoin a few concise reflections. The subject is one very interesting, both to theologians and philologists in general. What higher end could an Oriental scholar propose to himself, than to throw light on those passages of the sacred code of our belief, the Holy Scriptures, which, notwithstanding immense study and voluminous commentaries written by a multitude of divines, were still involved in impenetrable obscurity, and remained a butt for the laughter and sarcasms of infidelity? By treating on a subject, the tendency of which is to make better known, to rectify, and to complete the alphabet of a language, now but little if at all known as the Phœnician is, the remains of which are scattered over the monuments of nations so widely sundered by their manners and by their geographical situation, the author has done a signal service to philologists and science. Who does not know that this was the language of a people who contributed most to the diffusion of intelligence, and introduced the arts into all the then known world, by means of the voyages undertaken in furtherance of their extensive and active commerce? By the completion of this alphabet, M. Lanci has furnished a key to the understanding of innumerable inscriptions, the sense of which was previously doubtful. This book is distinguished by

a quality but seldom found in such works: and that is not the profound learning it exhibits, but the judicious parsimony with which the author uses his erudition to arrive at his purpose by the shortest way. He states his subject with so much clearness, passing from one topic to another naturally, and employing the force of argument and the evidence of reason to prove his propositions, that even his opponents will be persuaded, in spite of themselves, of the justness of his observations. Who, indeed, can call in question the value which the Abbé Lanci has assigned to the Phœnicio-Assyrian letters after the proofs he has adduced, though his values be different from those given by other Orientalists? Who will not find unanswerable the proofs advanced, when he demonstrates that the word *Eloim*, chosen by Moses to express Divinity, comes from the Arabic, and from the root *Laham*, which gives to its derivatives the meanings of great, liberal, magnificent, as the word *Lahim* means, The Great, The Splendid? Is not this the very *Lahim* which the Hebrews converted into *Lohim*, and afterwards into *Eloim*, which includes the idea of elevation, of strength, and of expansive power, and was for that reason selected by Moses as the name of God? Who will not acknowledge the correctness of the new interpretations given by our archaeologist to various passages of Scripture, which, never yet having been rightly understood, have given rise to absurd, impious, and obscene glosses? Of this class, among others, is Canticles, viii. 8., where the choir of young girls ask what shall be done with one of them when she is betrothed: to which it is replied, 'If she be a wall,' &c. M. Lanci perceived, that, in the first place, it was necessary to eliminate from that verse the 'wall' and the 'door': this was accomplished by a fresh derivation of the word *Hamah*, which certainly sometimes signifies a wall, but which in this place comes from the Arabic *Hammah* or *Hammam*, (illustrious or dove,) and by tracing the meaning of *Delet*, which in many cases is properly translated 'door,' to the Arabic root, *Dall*, which, among other derivatives, gives *Dallat*, whence the *Dalet* or *Delet* of the Canticles, which means 'he or she who has an air of gravity,' &c. As for the words *Ninne Tirat*, M. Lanci shows that they ought to be rendered, 'We will string stones in the form of a necklace,' and that, instead of 'boards of cedar,' it should be 'beads.' It is well known that the Egyptian women used to wear such ornaments round the neck. With these alterations, the sense of the above-quoted verse is natural, and suggests no impure ideas. It will run: 'If she be like a dove, we will put round her neck a collar of stones studded with silver; and, if she be haughty, we will put round her neck a collar of cedar.' Here we see the antiquity of the custom of encircling the necks of young girls with bead-rolls. If a girl was of good morals, she wore rich ornaments, that she might obtain a husband worthy of her; but, if she was of a bad disposition, a wooden necklace caused her to be shunned by every man of respectability.

Who will not acknowledge that the *Selah* of the Psalms, on which commentators have expended so much useless research, is nothing else than the *etcetera* of which we make such constant use? The Arabic root of this word is *Salla*, whence *Sallah*, which, among other meanings, signifies 'one thing taken from another.' In effect, the *Selah* denotes passages which were added to the Psalms, to call to mind the primal prayers, familiar to the Hebrews, but which the transcribers used to omit for the sake of brevity.

Finally, who will deny that in the Scriptures the word 'gate' has frequently been put where the word 'poetry' or 'verse' should have been inserted? Is it not ridiculous, even in the Oriental style, to make the prophet Isaiah exclaim, 'Howl, O gate! and proclaim, O city!' when, with equal simplicity and reason, we can say, 'Celebrate, O verse! and proclaim, O city! the destruction,' &c. Nor is it less strange that Solomon should be made to say

of the wise woman in his Proverbs, 'Let her own works praise her in the gates,' when the text means, 'Let her own works praise her in songs;' or, 'Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders,' when the true reading is, 'He was celebrated by their sacred verses in the assemblies of the elders.' In the same manner, the word *Scidr* or *Scianger*, in Lam. v. 14, ought to be rendered, *poetry* or *verse*, instead of *gate*. The Vulgate reads: '*Senes defecerunt de portis; juvenes de choro psallentium*.' It should be, 'The old men ceased from singing verses, and the young men from playing on the harp.'

Many observations might be added to show with what clear evidence M. Lanci proves the truth of what he advances concerning the Mosaic Candlestick, the Urim and Thummim, and Tera-phim, the Altars, and in general concerning all that he explains; but we can only render a brief, though just, tribute of praise to M. Lanci for the learning and sagacity which he has displayed in this publication, and express our anxious expectation of his great work on the Caphic inscriptions, as well as his essay on the Caphic inscriptions. The present treatise will sufficiently convince foreigners that the Italians are by no means negligent cultivators of the Eastern languages. M. Lanci is already too well known to the learned to need our mention; but we cannot omit to notice the stimulus which he has given to his countrymen in the ardent study of the Semitic dialects, which for some time past they appeared to have forgotten. He has already sent out pupils who are qualified for honourable competition with those most distinguished by their conversancy with these useful languages; and it will not be long before the public reaps the fruits of the meditations of Sorti and Molza.

A few words, before we conclude, on the Semitic dialect anterior to Moses. We will not quote the convincing reasons of our author, as that would not accord with our limits; but we will simply say that they bear the impress of truth, and that M. Lanci must have been a complete master of his subject, to discover the clues by which he has unravelled the mystery of these protogrammatic elements. The twofold aspect in which he views them, as symbolical and kirilological protogrammes, is no less ingenious than rational; for learned men are well aware that the ancient Eastern alphabets have a moral meaning in the denomination of the signs composing them, and that the one anterior to Moses, and used in Egypt, where, in those remote ages, every thing was expressed by hieroglyphics, must, still more than the rest, have been replete with things and ideas. M. Lanci's opinion of the new order which Moses gave to the letters of this alphabet is no less probable; for in the primitive order they expressed the praises of the Pharaohs; and, had he left them in this order, he would, in some sort, have profaned the divine religion of which he became the founder. By the twofold hieroglyphic reading which our author obtains through the keys he has discovered, we are furnished with the following discourse, in the form of a dialogue between a schoolmaster, an elder, and the scholars:

The master says: 'O Lord, bless,' and his disciples continue: 'The mouth, the understanding, the eye, the hand, the table of arithmetic, the inkstand, the basin, the ruler, the table, the paper, the basket, the style, the school, the going in, the labour, the disciple.' The master replies, 'And exalt all these things.' Then, uniting the former part with the following, the master continues, saying: 'Together with Pharaoh, who will adorn what the hand hath written.' The elder then exclaims, 'Reward,' and the disciples add: 'The instructions of the preceptor.' The master concludes by saying: 'And he exalteth them all.'

As this alphabet, though the order of its elements were changed, ought still to express one idea by the denomination of those elements, interpreted according to M. Lanci's keys, it yields

the following sentence: 'The Almighty overturned the thick troop of Pharaoh, and raised the writings of Sinai above all others.'

The expression of some moral sentence is not, as every one knows, a characteristic confined to the ancient Eastern alphabets: it equally belonged to the ancient Northern languages. The Glagolitic, for instance, the denominations of whose letters are as follows: 'As, Buk, Vid, Glagolge, Dobro, Yest, Xivit or Zelo, Semglie, Y, Kako, Ljadi, Misliti, Nass, On, Pokoi, Riz, Slovo, Wardo,' have this signification: 'I, God willing, I say that it is good to live on (the fruits of) the earth, and to think like men. The latter (is) our strength. Speak the letter boldly, that is to say, instantly publish this doctrine.'

NEW MUSIC.

Alice Gray, a Ballad, sung with great applause at the Nobility's Concerts. The Music composed by G. Kjalmark. Dale.

A VERY interesting, expressive, and feeling ballad, unusually well adapted to the language, and particularly noticeable for its true simplicity without puerility. It reminds one of 'Oh no we never mention her,' and is written within the same limited scale, thus applicable to any voice, and deserving a place in every vocal musical volume.

'*Il Rievocato, Dussep's celebrated Duet of, 38, newly adapted for the Piano Forte, with Flute, or Violin and Violoncello Accompaniment, ad lib., and inscribed to Marmaduke C. Wilson, by his friend, J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.*

We much admire the good taste of Cramer, that has induced him to still promote the circulation of this excellent composition of Dussep, a writer of the very first class, and whose compositions have been, of late years, too much neglected. To such as do not recognise the piece by its designation, op. 38, we beg to state, that it is that flowing, beautiful, and justly admired duet for harp and piano-forte in E flat, dedicated to Miss Griffiths. It must be altogether superfluous to add, that it is as well adapted as possible.

Hart's Thirtieth Set; or celebrated Archers' Quadrilles, selected from Barnett's Songs of 'The Minstrel,' containing 'Merry Sherwood,' 'The Archers,' 'The Foresters,' 'Bold Robin Hood,' 'The Target,' and 'The Minstrel Waltz,' as performed by the Author at the grand Archers' Fetes: composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Curtis, by Joseph Hart. Mayhew and Co.

THESE so nearly resemble all the previous twenty-nine Numbers, that a description may be unnecessary. They exhibit on the title a scene of the Archery, and Mr. Hart (we suppose) superintending his orchestra; and Barnett's songs chosen to be danced to, (from his clever work of 'The Minstrels,') are, 1st, 'Two Pages met in a Forest.' 2d, 'I have wandered.' 3d, 'I knew a Sicilian Maid.' 4th, 'A Minstrel Savoyard.' 5th, 'Merrily sounds the Horn.' And 6th, 'In earlier days.' They make altogether a gay and pleasing quadrille.

Trois Pièces Amusantes (et non difficiles) pour le Piano-Forte, composées par J. N. Hummel. Op. 111. Boosey and Co.

HOWEVER easily music may be adapted for a performer, publishers generally believe it is extremely injudicious to describe it as such upon the title; for the most inferior pianistes feel it a degradation to confess, as it were, their own inability. But the pieces now reviewed are by no means easy, however clever and pleasing they undoubtedly are; and we suspect Hummel can neither write bad nor easy music.

The first piece is a march à la Romain, an allegro maestoso e pomposo in E flat, presenting a fine, clever, and bold subject, with an alternative in the beautiful key of A flat. The second is a longer piece in E natural, entitled, Variations et Finale Rapsodique, commencing with a vivace introduzione. The theme, a graceful tempo di minueto grazioso, with four variations, and a finale allegro agitato assai, commencing in the minor, but finishing in the major mode, in an appropriately syncopated character. And the third piece is a rondoletto conforme de contredanse, a vivacetto in C in the Russian style. The whole present piano-forte pieces of the first class; but, however easy they may be to Hummel, or in comparison with his

compositions in general, they certainly will not be found such by the multitude.

'*Oh! come, dear Louisa, a Ballad, the Words by J. Cowen, Esq., the Music composed by Charles Salaman. Willis and Co.*

ONE of the ten thousand inoffensive vocal trifles constantly being issued, equally devoid of faults and originality, and consequently neither demanding praise nor censure.

No. I. of Twelve Italian Fantasias Concertante for the Flute and Piano-forte, containing Rossini's 'Anisa a pied un salice,' in Otello, and 'Cara del attendimi,' in Zelmira, by Raphael Dressler. Cocks and Co.

THIS is the commencing Number of a very interesting and desirable work, which, we think, must become a very successful publication, and which we shall continue to notice as it proceeds.

Dressler has arranged, and Cocks and Co. have brought out, a great variety of useful and pleasing works for the flute and piano-forte, as well as for the flute alone: the whole of which, by their extensive circulation, prove their merit.

La Villanella (Danza Campestre) for the Piano-forte, composed and most respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Bird, by Carlo Della Torre, from the Royal Conservatory of Music at Naples. George.

A PRETTY characteristic little dance, comprised in only fifty-seven bars, upon two brief pages! Our readers may smile at the number of bars being enumerated; but the extreme brevity of the piece, after the grandeur of the title, amused us as an apt illustration of the old-fashioned saying, 'Great cry and little wool.'

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

Lectures on the Art of Writing, &c. By J. Carstairs. J. Taylor. London, 1828.

THESE Lectures on the art of writing, we perceive, have reached the sixth edition. As far as we have had leisure to look into the system, we think that the public patronage, which we infer from this circumstance that Mr. Carstairs has received, has been well bestowed. We cannot boast much of our own calligraphy; and though we are somewhat consoled for this circumstance by reflecting that Dr. Parr and other great men laboured under a similar defect, we cannot help regretting that we were not sooner informed of Mr. Carstairs' merits.

The Foreign Quarterly.

WE have not leisure this week to notice in detail the various articles in this excellent number of an excellent periodical; but our readers may be assured that it falls in no respect short of the best of its predecessors.

A Letter to a Friend on Infant Schools. By an Infant Schoolmaster. Fletcher. Southampton.

THIS little Tract is the production of one of those practical men who so seldom are able to communicate their experience to the public. As education is more strictly than any thing else an experimental science, such works are of great value; and the present, which is written with great modesty, and is evidently the result of long acquaintance with the subject, is entitled to especial attention. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

The Seven Tragedies of Æschylus, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 342. Talboys and Vincent. Oxford, 1829.

THIS is a volume of large merits and small pretensions. The translation does not pretend to be harmonious, glowing, or idiomatic. The construction of the sentences is studiously Grecian instead of English. And though, except as a means of instruction, it is barbarous to render each separate word of the original by a corresponding word, yet it is no small proof of labour, learning, and talent, that to the best of our belief the English expression, in almost every case, comes nearer to the Æschylus than any other that could have been selected. In the notes the translator has had a wider and freer scope, and has shown that he knew how to avail himself of it. They are full of spirit and acuteness, critical knowledge, general information, and poetic taste. The translation will be of great use to learners; but the remarks appended to the text deserve attention from those who give, instead of enduring, the discipline of lecture-rooms.

POETRY.

PHILOSOPHY.

WHERE hidest thou thyself, O nymph divine,
Who erst in caves, and mountains, twilight dells,
Or lofty porches, spak'st at high oracles
To all who laid a heart before thy shrine,
Round which its straitening arms Self did not twine?
Thou madest Athens like a goddess sit
Above mankind, when thou in her hadst lit
Thine altar, fed with many-coloured wine.
Rome knew thee not—too powerful to be wise,
And blinded with the blaze of her own light;
Then thou fied'st forth to rocks and deserts rude.
England now calls upon thee; and our eyes
Strain vainly after thee, through clouds and night:
Then be not still in love with solitude!

K.

MIGHT, majesty, and wisdom were the dower
That man inherited: why hath he striven
To cast away the panoply of Heaven,
Wilfully crouching to the world's dark power?
Faith, love, and watchfulness were as a tower,
From which he might o'erlook the whirling wave
Of hopes and fears; a rock of might to save
The shipwreck'd mariner in evil hour:
And these he hath disdained. Woe is me,
That, God-endowed, he yet should bear to creep
Along with noisome creatures of the deep,
Sharing the boisterous unrest of the sea,
Till tumult is his nature, and his life
Is as the billows, dashing hate and strife.

K.

FALLEN LEAVES.

WERE I a leaf, which had danced out my time,
And welcomed with a fresh and mutual glee
Spring, Summer, and the Autumn's early prime,
I would not choose to be
As these crisp leaves, yellow and red, that sound
About my feet—for on the horizon's bound,
And on its mountainous unequal line,
Are heaped the autumnal rains—
And every leaf, traced o'er with fibres fine,
As is a silver foot with branching veins
Of clear enamel, must be downward trodden
To a promiscuous mass, and with the mire be
sodden.

II.

I would not linger as that lonely one,
That wove the net-work of a common shade
With many a fellow, but now spins alone
Where its sweet tones it made—
For now, the lightest breath that would not curl
The surface of the lake below, may whirl
That single leaf away—oh! wretched fate!
To have outbraved the storm,
The sharp hail and the tempest, and to wait
(Surviving only in its withered form)
A triumph and an easy trophy given
Unto the earliest wind, the faintest breath of
heaven.

III.

'Twere best to droop as yon leaf on this lake,
Gently descending on its azure sleep,
So that it may not with one circle break
That slumber soft and deep,
And for a while a pinnacle or frail boat
For sylph or fairy on its surface float—
Then downward sink into the common grave
Where many a year has shed
Its summer habitants. I see them pave
The untrampled floor, nor there perchance unfed
With such pure joy, as to the fall'n may spring
At sight of other buds, and never blossoming.

T.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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CHARACTERS.

No. 1.—THE FORM-HATER.

He is a man of great constitutional sprightliness, and an unbounded conceit. The former quality deludes him, by its similarity to what he imagines is the excitement of genius, into a belief that he was destined to be a light of his generation; the latter prevents him from using any efforts to become one. On his first entrance into the world, he finds himself wanting in all the knowledge which entitles him to claim pre-eminence among his fellows—ignorant of books, for he has despised them—of nature, for he has presumed to be its interpreter without submitting to be its disciple—of men, for he has never thought of them except in their relation to himself. Thus deficient, he is surprised to find that there is no shout from universal nature to hail his appearance in the world which he is to enlighten. On the contrary, he is greeted with mortifications, which, if they encountered a mind in any ordinary degree self-exalted, might produce a seasonable humiliation. But his conceit is the life-blood of his character: nothing can discompose it; but whatever it meets with, it absorbs and assimilates to its own nature. His disappointments do not diminish his self-satisfaction, but only exasperate him into hatred of the beings who have failed to appreciate him. The sole cause, he is convinced, why men do not hail his advent with all the joy he anticipated, is because they entertain a most absurd prejudice in favour of those gifts which can only be obtained through education and acquaintance with society. These gifts, therefore, are the objects of his abhorrence; and to cure mankind of its attachment to them, is the object of his high mission. For this purpose he tells them that men may have a very classical education and yet never become wits; that a person is not a poet because he understands the Greek dramatists; that it is possible he may be a complete 'conventional' gentleman without being the least of a genius. These potent and piquant truths he preaches from cock-crowing till sunset; and every day he has to repeat the complaint that no one, except the faithful coterie that surrounds him, pays the slightest attention to the message. Then he breaks out into ravings against the formality of men's tastes, their aristocratical reverence for outward distinctions, their incapacity for appreciating real genius, and their determination not to give heed to those who charge them with these enormities. One thing only escapes him: it never occurs to him that some little portion of the contempt which is bestowed on his praiseworthy exertions, may be owing to the preacher. It never strikes him that the world may have discovered, in his own abortive attempts at humour, that the absence of a classical education is not a security for the possession of wit; in the miserable mawkishness of his poetry, that a versifier is not necessarily a Shakespeare because he emulates him in his guiltlessness of Greek; and every one of his attempts to signalize himself, that nature does not always make compensation to the man who has resigned all pretensions to the character of a gentleman by constituting him a genius. He does not recollect that, whenever a strong man has appeared in the land, he has been allowed to break asunder the fetters with which the formal critics had attempted to enslave him, and that the world has at last learnt from his example to scorn them as much as himself. Still less is it possible to persuade him that the reason why these men have succeeded so much better than he does, in bringing more rules and systems into disrepute, is because they have proved that there is something better than mere rules and systems, because they have not foolishly and factiously raved against all existing forms, but have shown that they could, when it pleased them, put a spirit and a life into these forms, and thereby have earned a right to change

them whenever they found them cumbrous and inconvenient—because, in short, they have not proved themselves just as great formalists in opposing forms as their defenders in clinging to them. He never remembers that men of genius, instead of despising the classical authors, have always, when their opportunities permitted them, endeavoured to drink most deeply of their spirit, both because it is most inspiring, and because it is the best antidote to that bastard classical spirit which would tie down one to the rules and maxims of a preceding one. It never strikes him, lastly, that really good and wise men, instead of setting at nought all established social rules, instead of preaching against conventional gentility and promulgating a new code of manners of their own invention, have always zealously, and generally with the best success, endeavoured to confine themselves to the tastes and tempers of the societies in which they moved, deeming that the true inward politeness which springs from a spirit of unconscious and uncalculating self-denial, can never exist in that man's mind who will not, in all indifferent matters, assume the tone and manners most agreeable to the men with whom he converses. The Anti-formalist would fain persuade us, and persuade himself, that his ignorance of all outward observances, as well as of books—the ignorance which his conceit in early life begot upon his indolence, arises, not from his wanting, but from his possessing, the highest qualities of mind and character. He will tell you that his youth was passed in dreaming; and, in saying so, he partly speaks truth. He was a dreamer, but not a dreamer in such sort as he wishes us to believe. He did not dream of lakes and waterfalls, of bright sunsets, and the perfume of flowers, and the melody of soft voices: these are dreams from which our youth rises refreshed for calm and steady exertion. But he had troubled dreams of contests with ambitious rivals, of crowded rooms and pompous recitations, of wreaths and garlands for value received of odes and epigrams. His restlessness was not the restlessness of a spirit busied with questionings of itself, and seeking relief from the eagerness of its conflicts in a diligent perusal of outward things, but that feverish panting after vulgar immortality through which the mind becomes too groveling for the contemplation of itself, too unsettled for the contemplation of the world around it. The thoughts among which he dwelt were not, as he pretends, high and fantastic thoughts which destroyed his relish for earthly studies, but gross and worldly thoughts which made him discontented with those pursuits which are their own satisfaction and reward. The air which he breathes in the regions of study and contemplation is not too heavy, but too keen and rarefied, for his lungs. The truth is, that, from his childhood upwards, he has been worshipping a deity who engrosses all honours to himself, who will have no rival or partner, and will not allow his votaries to have their thoughts withdrawn, even for a moment, from the contemplation of his perfections; and before that deity he kneels in manhood as he knelt in youth.

The idolatry of self is the one great characteristic of his mind, which has corrupted every thing that might have been originally noble in it. This changes and colours all his modes of thinking, and transforms opinions which, when held by wise men, are the expression of valuable truths, into mischievous falsehoods. The similarity of his phrases, indeed, to those which are current among men of genius, often, for a time, imposes upon them, and leads them to fancy that he really does attach their meanings to his words. A very little examination, however, convinces them, that he is much more widely separated from them in feeling than many who never use, and even ridicule their language; for, looked at through the opera-glass of self, only the surface of the deepest truths is visible, only a side of the most universal ones. Thus, for ex-

ample, great men have laughed at the ignorance of those poetical critics, the Bossus, Boileaus, La Harpes, Blairs and Jeffreys, who, seeing no deeper than the surface of a poem, and being unable to judge whether there is within it that living spirit which manifests itself in a thousand varying forms, try it by its adherence to some artificial standard of their own.

This language he eagerly lays hold of; for it seems to him that it offers an apology for the vulgarisms of his own compositions. But the truth which it expresses is inverted by the medium through which he had looked at it. The complaint which the great men make of these critics is, first, that they judge of the richness of a soil by the way in which the trees and hedge-rows are planted on its surface; and, secondly, that they determine the way in which these trees and hedge-rows should be planted by inflexible rules or precedents, instead of seeing that this mode, which they are far from considering a matter of accident or indifference, must be determined by a nice knowledge of certain outward circumstances which are eternally varying. He, on the contrary, supposes the error of these men to consist in their imagining any arrangement at all to be necessary, in their not allowing the plants to spring up in natural wildness and disorder,—a phrase by which he means to express a certain laborious contempt of labour and systematic defiance of system. He deals in like manner with the language which philosophers have employed for the purpose of unfolding ideas more deep and universal than the dictionaries of the different political and religious sects and parties could supply them with words for,—or perhaps in order to avoid the equivocal which might arise from using phrases conventionally appropriated to another purpose,—or, it may be, from a too fastidious loathing of meats (in themselves innocent) which had been offered to idols. With these words he interlards his conversation much more profusely than the philosophers from whom he has stolen them; but he turns them, as all others, in a selfish direction. Some creed or dogma which does not square with his convenience, or makes too strict requirements for his morality, he discovers to be just the one which this language was meant to attack; and then he coins it into cant phrases and vituperative catchwords, more disgusting because more ambitious than the specific technicalities with which ordinary sectarians libel each other. It is the same with his opinions respecting the forms and distinctions of society, as with those relating to literature. Many wise and good men have agreed with him in considering the division of ranks, when carried so far as it is in this country, very pernicious. But then, they look at the subject in reference to society: he looks at it in reference to himself. They dread the consequences that may ensue to mankind from their early familiarising themselves with the notion, that a certain relative position among their fellow-mortals constitutes the dignity after which they should aspire: he is always dwelling upon the actual degradation which the want of that position causes him. Their opposition to aristocratical distinctions is dictated solely by their anxiety that no institution may exist which can tend to weaken, even in the feeblest minds, that stern feeling of self-respect which raises them above all care for that reverence which external advantages might procure them from the world: he is always exhibiting his want of all genuine independence by fretting and fuming, because he has not the good things which the world worships.

With such feelings, it is evident that, though a hater, he is not a despiser of the world's law. Indeed, the intense awe with which it inspires him, is his real, and not an unnatural, reason for hating it. On him it does impose most disagreeable restraints; for he is always thinking about them. To a man of ordinary sense and modesty, it is no humiliation to abstain from transgressing

the little formalities which society has imposed upon those who would partake of its benefits: to a man of genius, the humiliation is still less; for he regards trifles with still less concern. But the man we are describing rests his pretensions to be a highminded man upon his contempt for these formalities and his resistance to them. Every forced concession, therefore, is to him a real, not an imaginary, loss of character. He is convinced that he can enjoy no freedom while he is compelled to bow to rules and conventions. But yet he feels that in this world he must comply with them. Consequently, he becomes a slave; and the only difference between him and the slaves who hug their chains is, that he wears them less gracefully. Thus does it ever happen to a mind which has accustomed itself, either by worshipping mere forms or by eschewing them, to confound what is accidental with what is essential. To such an one, accidental things do really become essential: the deepest feelings become entangled with the most unimportant notions, and confer on them a sacredness not their own; and the conscience, abdicating its awful jurisdiction, is obliged to pronounce judgments as well upon the most puerile questions of outward propriety as upon the thoughts and intents of the heart.

From this confusion in his moral character, this feeling of subjection to outward circumstances, clashing with an assumed and self-complimenting independence, proceed all the anomalies of his practical conduct. To the jesters of the world, these anomalies are subjects of infinite laughter; to him who thinks deeply, of serious and sad reflection. For one who reverences human nature, there is scarcely any theme of contemplation more painful than the position of such a man, when he is called upon to make actual trial of the independence he vaunted so loudly. He has contracted an immense hatred for 'Lords,' a hatred over which he has brooded in solitude, and taken every opportunity of proclaiming in public. Of course, the man who is constantly dwelling upon the circumstances which set him beneath 'Lords,' is not doing much to acquire that spirit which will enable him to regard 'Lords' with indifference. Yet, when by some accident he is thrown into company with one of these creatures, he is astonished to find that all his long course of meditation upon the disadvantages of being untitled has not made him a whit less reverential to titles than his neighbours; that, on the contrary, he bows lower to Rimmon than they, praying, however, to whatever God he worships, that he will pardon his servant in this one thing,—and that long before he has gone out from the presence of the great man. He has become the most devout and slavish of worshippers. But he hates even while he worships, and hates the more because he feels that he cannot help worshipping. It is this which constitutes the true wretchedness of his character. A toad eater is a dreadful thing; but a conscious toad-eater, one who believes the animal to be ugly and venomous, and has always ridiculed its pretensions to a jewel, is the most melancholy of all possible beings. It is owing to the existence of such persons that even good men are sometimes led to speak of meanness and vulgarity, as if they were accidents of low birth. But, thank God, there have been men, who

'Have walked in glory and in joy,
Behind their ploughs upon the mountain side;'

and, while the memory of such survives, we will never be induced by any example of vulgarity of feeling in those who want what the world calls greatness, to transfer to that greatness the homage which is due only to the grandeur and dignity of the human soul. We will rather gather from such instances one more argument of the necessity of cultivating freedom in our souls, if we would even be outwardly free, and one more awful proof that self-love is absolutely incompatible with self-dependence and self-respect.

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

PABLO DE ASPEDES.

If any appeal may be permitted from the decision of native critics on the merits of their own poets, we would say that Pablo de Aspedes has scarcely received the portion of applause and consideration to which he seems deservedly entitled. In fact, it has not unfrequently occurred to us, how poor an appreciation of the literature of Spain the English reader would make, who trusted in the representations of certain modern critics, and sought the choicest flowers of her lyrical poetry, not in the early Cancioneros, but in Garcilasso or Herrera, and the evidence of her dramatic excellence in Moratin or Jovellanos, instead of Moreto or Calderon. The poem from which we purpose to give a few extracts, has, unfortunately, not come down to us entire; scarcely an hundred stanzas have been preserved, and these not in an unbroken series. This last circumstance must be our apology for the brief and fragmentary nature of the specimens we offer. The subject of this poem is painting, which the author was eminently qualified to discuss, being himself a distinguished artist, although we have been unable to discover whether his fame is merely traditional, or whether any of his paintings are in existence. Of his life little is known, save that he was a prebendary of Cordova, where he was born in 1538, and where he died at the beginning of the next century.

The poem opens with an invocation to the great Painter of the world; it proceeds:

'Thou the exulting peacock's starry tail
Hast bordered with rich gold and colours bright,
Emerald and living purple, sapphire pale,
And all gay tints of alternating light:
Given to the fiery pard his spotted mail,
And tiger with that beauteous skin bedight;
And clad the pleasant earth with all that blows,
With amaranth, and lily, pink, and rose;

'And chief in man, a world Thou hast exprest,
(Fit portraiture of the Eternal mind,)—
Long since the chosen and elected guest
For thine immortal dwelling-place designed,
Then breathed a spirit of life within his breast,
A soul within the immort mansion shrined
That to his limbs a new expression gives,
Another life in which the body lives.'

Shortly after, there are some fine stanzas about Michael Angelo:

'Who like a new Prometheus stretched abroad
His ample pinions with so bold a flight,
That from the realms above the starry road
He snatched a spark, and with that sacred light
Enriched, descended to this dim abode,
Where, waking wonder new and new afright,
He kindled into life the stubborn brass,
The vacant canvas, and the marble mass.'

As the fragments are now arranged, some instruction on the implements of painting, and the manner of preparing them, follows. This, a most difficult task, is well managed: the poetry is not stifled, after the Darwinian method, by an accumulation of technical terms; indeed, Cespedes appears to have understood that the end of didactic poetry is not to teach an art or a science, but to draw from it its own occasions; and, if it aims at any immediate utility, it is by elevating and illustrating a pursuit, suppressing the mean, and setting off the noble, which accompany it. The first book concludes with a magnificent series of common-places on the duration of art: we will quote the two last stanzas. The poet speaks of the immortality which art confers:

'No other I believe that river's charms,
Dipped in whose fatal den, Achilles won
A body shielded from the battle's harms,
And edge of hostile weapons, save alone
Homer's resounding verse that stirred alarms,
And lofty courage, like a trumpet tone,
That still is heard, or as a rock sublime
That stems and interrupts the stream of time:

'Nor less the godlike Mantuan with his lay
Outbraved oblivion, when, with gold key,
Boldly upreading the star-paven way,
He opened the portals of Eternity.
'Twas not the battle's broken disarray,
Nor hostile current, raging furiously,
But the high poet's song, that set alone
The great Æneas on his destined throne.'

The early parts of the second and last book are given to various discussions, in which it would be difficult for us, who are not skilled in these matters, to follow him. His æsthetic creed, as may be supposed from the age in which he wrote, is simple; however, throughout there breathes a genuine love of art, and a recognition of its high ends. He concludes with an address to his readers who have accompanied him thus far: there is considerable beauty in the passage where, at the close, he expresses a hope that his verse may survive, and perhaps incite some one to the study of his favourite art:

'But what will toil avail, if dead or cold
My colours be, or if, with vain endeavour,
My feeble verse its precepts ill unfold?
And know indignant Nature renders never
To cloistral study all her breast may hold:
Then track her to her sanctuary, and ever
From her most ample treasure house convey
All spoils the laden eye can bear away.

'Seek Nature, knowing, if thou seekest her
Well, and in earnest, wisdom thou shalt find;
Be ever her unwearied minister,
Writing her law in tablets of thy mind:
Not hoping, although Nature may confer
And have all beauty in one shape enshrined,
More than a portion from each form to take,
And thus a whole from perfect parts to make.

'The far-retreating grottoes, and fresh caves,
Through shadows of thick branches dimly seen,
The solemn forest, haunted wood that laves
Its cool roots in the brook that rolls between,
The living lakes and fountains whose sweet wave
Sprinkle with pearls the flowers and margent
green;

Be these thy contemplation, till thy mind
Be as a fane where beauty is enshrined.

'And, if the mighty Power whom all things know
Their sovereign lord, who overrules the state
Of all the broad earth nourishes below,
By whom in order all things alternate,—
If He permit, amid the ebb and flow
Of chance, and change, and all-consuming Fate,
And Time, the mighty anarchy, that my lay
Live in remembrance, and survive decay:

'Then I would fain believe that one among
The crowd that, in unprofitable ways
And mad endeavour, hurry on and throng
The world's broad path, one seeking to upraise
His soul to virtue's height, may read my song
And kindling theme, may win the mead and praise
Of art no less than virtue, and again
The worth of this neglected art sustain.'

GOLD MINES OF THE URAL.*

(Extract of a Letter from Professor Von Engelhardt.)

I HAVE been endeavouring, on this journey, to ascertain the soil and configuration of the western declivity of Mount Ural. I proceeded from Zlatoust, which I reached on the 8th of June, to the iron works of Kussa, and thence to Miass, which has acquired notoriety from its product of the most precious of metals. At this place I was enabled to glean some important information as to the various courses of the veins of gold. After examining the copper mines of Poljakowsk, Kisekejewsk, and Kirebinsk, I wandered five-and-twenty wersts further southwards, through the mountainous range from Irmel to the sources of the Ai, Ui, Jursen, Belaya, and Ural. The Ai and Jursen unite with the Belaya by means of the Uffa, and are tributaries of the Wolga. The Ural has its mouth in the Caspian, and the Ui flows into the Frozen Sea through the Tobol. I had an opportunity of rectifying many errors in the maps as to

* Vide 'Athenæum,' No. LXIV. p. 30.

this quarter also. On my return to Miass, I examined the mountains of Ilmen in a geological point of view, in which I received very valuable assistance from Mr. Menge of Lübeck, a dealer in minerals, and a gentleman of much information. When I again reached Zlatoust, Mr. Von Hermann, the sub-director of the mines, having prevailed upon me to explore that district more minutely, I proposed that we should obtain a more perfect knowledge of the mountains round that town, and endeavour to discover fresh veins of copper and iron, and ascertain the direction which the gold sands take in this part of the world. The result of these investigations fully answered our expectations. The object of our first essays was to ascertain the principle which regulated the spread of the gold-dust layers, and in this we completely succeeded. These layers were found, at their various openings, to contain dissimilar proportions of gold; some yielding two, four, six, eighteen, and twenty-one solotniks* of gold in every one hundred poods' weight,† others only one, some but one or two solotniks in every ten poods, and others one pound four solotniks in every five poods. This diversity in the proportions of the metal entirely coincided with the principle which we had detected as governing the direction of the layers. Having in this way convinced myself of the possibility of determining geological facts from the data afforded by metallic strata, I was not without hopes, by comparing these observations with the preceding notes I had taken in other parts of the Ural, that I should be enabled to discover in what particular layers gold would be found, in what state it would be found, where gold-dust would be found in greatest abundance, and in what proportions it would be found.*** No accurate investigation of the Ural range, and the treasures it contains, can proceed from any single explorer: it must be the work of varied inquiries, conducted by competent geologists, who shall conform to one common plan, and conduct their operations at separate points of the range.

We cannot better close this subject than by subjoining a few details as to the gold-dust of the Ural Mountains. The discovery of this valuable article, which has been prosecuted uninterruptedly since the year 1814, is one of the many remarkable occurrences which have signalized the reign of the late Emperor Alexander. Its origin continues a matter of dispute, though the conjecture of Mr. Sokolo seems to be the most reasonable one which has yet been formed. This learned naturalist conceives that it is derived from the masses of gold with which the summit of the original chain of the Ural was loaded, and that they were forced from their position and carried into the valleys by the force of water. A similar diversity of opinion prevails as to the origin of the bars of gold: some imagine that they rest among the rocks, whilst others conceive that they have been molten by a subterranean fire, the latter supporting their opinion by the authority of Davy's discovery, that platina, when converted into dust, acquires the property of igniting when exposed to the action of hydrogen gas. Leaving this problem to be solved by more competent hands, we proceed to remark that these gold-mines were first discovered in the year 1745, on the banks of the Berezoska and Puishna, twelve wersts from Catharinenburg. The laws of that day entitling the crown to all produce from mines, and securing to individuals nothing beyond a certain indemnity, varying according to the importance of the discovery, it is easy to conceive the cause which operated to prevent the prosecution of any further researches during the subsequent seventy years; but the imperial ukase of 1812 had no sooner decreed that the gold should thenceforward become the property of the individuals on whose estates the mine was discovered, and that it should be subject only to a royalty of eleven or twelve per centum, than its pursuit was

renewed with an ardour and success which promise to enrich both the state and the individual. In less than ten years the quantity of gold produced rose, as if by magic, from eighteen to one hundred poods.

The gold-dust is found northwards of Mount Ural, in the vicinity of the river Sodokhoika; and it runs along both sides of the range, as far as the district which contains the mines of Zlatoust, where it terminates not far from the U: it is not, however, wholly unknown on the southern side of the range: on the contrary, we have every reason for believing that Mount Gumberlinsk, the extreme end of which is intersected by the River Ural, and the interior of which is watered by numerous rivulets, is not less richly supplied with this costly metal than the other branches of the Ural. Indeed, we are warranted in concluding that the various ramifications of the mountains which produce gold, extend as far as the country of the Bashkirs, and the fortresses of Kizilsk and Orsk, if not to the deserts of the Kirgishes: the gold dust of this quarter of the globe would thus run in a straight line of 660 miles, and occupy a surface of 33,300 square miles.

RUSSIAN STATE PAPERS.

We extract from 'The St. Petersburg Journal' of the 10th (22d) January, a document which, as the Americans say, is 'important if true; and as, at any rate, it is very amusing, we make no apology for offering it to our readers, though we verily believe it to have been concocted on the principle of the Persian bulletins in Hajji Baba, or rather on that of the much-lauded Chinese police, where the head-magistrate, calling to his subaltern, says, 'Bring me instantly the head of such and such a delinquent; or, at all events, bring me a head.'

Thus we fancy we see the Russian Home Secretary, his Excellency Prince Thieve-and-rob, calling to his Secretary, Knock-it-off:—'Knock-it-off,' says he, '*L'Empereur veut tout savoir*; so, take thy pen, and sit down quickly, and write me an account of the population of Petersburg, with the births, marriages, and deaths for 1828; also a statement of crimes, criminals, crops, cattle, and conflagrations, and casualties of every description throughout the empire.'—'Aye, Aye, Sir,' quoth Knock-it-off; and to it he sets; and, after working off and on for half a day or so, he *knocks off* the following:

First, an account of the present population of St. Petersburg, which may, for aught we know, be correct. From the immense disproportion in the numbers of males and females, we should imagine that the ladies must be in great request, or, as the political economists would say, in great demand, there.

| | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------|----------|---------|
| Number of Inhabitants | 297,445 | 124,721 | 422,166 |
| Of this number there are, | | | |
| Persons belonging to the | | | |
| Clergy | 1,080 | 681 | 1,761 |
| Ditto ditto Nobility | 24,345 | 16,819 | 41,164 |
| Soldiers and subalterns | 46,076 | 9,975 | 56,051 |
| Merchants | 6,706 | 3,983 | 10,689 |
| Shopkeepers | 20,377 | 12,191 | 32,568 |
| Strangers | 8,473 | 4,511 | 12,989 |
| Artisans | 4,775 | 3,019 | 7,794 |
| People of different sorts, serfs, peasants, &c. | 185,613 | 73,542 | 259,155 |
| Number of births | 4,904 | 4,875 | 9,779 |
| Children abandoned | | | 10 |
| Marriages | | | 1,032 |
| Deaths | 4,046 | 2,278 | 6,324 |
| Vaccinations | | | 543 |
| Dead, by different accidents | | | 412 |

So far so good; then comes an estimate, evidently and especially aimed, by the aforesaid Knock-it-off and his master, at our self-conceit as a nation. We have hitherto fondly imagined, that, however our pre-eminence in the world might be disputed by the Chinese on the land, and the Turks on the water, we were, at least, unrivalled

in our mode of going *out* of it; but it seems that even the poor consolation of suicide is to be snatched away from us,—and by whom? Is it by our volatile Gallican neighbour, who, being devoured with 'ennui,' has recourse to natural philosophy and prussic acid? No. Is it by the more solid and substantial Hollander, who, finding the concern to go on badly between soul and body, resorts to a dissolution of partnership? No, no. Is it, then, by the visionary German enthusiast seeking after truth, and blowing his brains out as a means of cleansing them? No, no, no. By whom, then, is it? Why, by the Russian—the goat-bearded boor,* who can give no better reason for cutting his throat than the possession of a razor for which he could find no other use? Alas! alas! 'the sun of Great Britain is, indeed, set!'

The following is the list alluded to:

| Losses in the Population.† | |
|----------------------------------------|--------|
| Number of individuals died by accident | 16,700 |
| Assassinations | 1,230 |
| Suicides | 1,245 |
| Total, | 19,175 |

In the next table it appears, that, as the organ of destructiveness was finely developed in the last, so that of acquisitiveness has suffered a corresponding diminution; indeed, it seems plain that the genius of the nation inclines much more to murder and arson than to theft and robbery.

Different Events.

| | |
|----------------------------------------------|-------|
| Thefts and robberies | 124 |
| Criminals, deserters, and vagabonds arrested | 2,674 |
| Prisoners escaped | 21 |
| Children abandoned | 11 |
| Ditto, deformed (<i>sûs monstres</i>) | 2 |

Thefts and robberies, 124! One hundred and twenty-four thefts per annum, in an empire extending from Caucasus to Kamchatka! A most moral people! We should like to know what the 2,674 criminals were arrested for. Let us see: allowing half to have been guilty of the above-mentioned assassinations,—that is, thirteen stickers to the dozen stickers,—and half of the remainder to belong to the class of deserters, and vagabonds, and others of whom no crime could be alleged save that of Cordelia—the not being able to give a good account of themselves, there still remain 668 who have been guilty of something or other, and of whom, at the very lowest calculation, one half must be thieves; that is, 334 robbers to 124 robberies, or nearly three to each. Truly, friend Knock-it-off, you must be more cautious in future; for such rank lies as these 'do stink i' the nose.'

Having done with the life department, our friend next proceeds to that of fire, and presents us with a list of conflagrations, evidently the produce of a *warm* imagination, from which it would seem that the York incendiary would be quite an every-day character in Russia, as there have been no fewer than thirty-two churches and monasteries burned down in the course of the year, some of them, no doubt, on purpose, as may be inferred from this table:

| Number of Fires. | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Caused by carelessness, | 2,385 |
| Incendiarism | 75 |
| Lightning | 167 |

Each fire seems, on an average, to have consumed about six houses, besides mills, manufactories,

* We say 'boor,' because, although not stated, it is plain the suicides can have taken place in no other class, the clergy having, no doubt, too many of the fat things of the world to have any notion of leaving it, the merchants and shopkeepers being too busy in cheating their customers to have time to think of killing themselves, and the nobles and soldiery having been treated lately by the 'malignant Turk' to as many slit windpipes as the most reasonable of them could desire.

† In this, and all the succeeding tables, there is, in the original, a comparative statement for five years, which we have curtailed, as well from want of space as because it would possess no additional interest.

* The solotnik contains 654 English grains.

† The pood is equal to 40 lbs. English.

money, grain, hay, cattle, wood, &c., of which Knock-it-off has given a most edifying list.

Then follows a detail of all the plagues of Egypt, and the mischief occasioned thereby; those more especially treated of are, hail, rain, floods, tempests, worms, locusts, murrain, &c., with a specific account of the exact damage done by each, such as the number of houses carried away, the quantity of corn and hay destroyed, the weight of salt melted, the number of horses, sheep, and oxen killed, &c. &c. We only wish he had added the number of foxes dead by *teething*; wolves lamed by chilblains, and bears afflicted with rheumatic complaints—though, even as it is, we can recommend the principle upon which the document has been made up, as well worthy the imitation of our authorities when pestered for returns, which, from their voluminous nature or any other cause, they may find it inconvenient to make up.

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

Mr. Westmacott on Sculpture.

THE Royal Academy's course of Lectures on Sculpture was commenced on Monday evening, by Mr. Westmacott, with an introductory discourse distinguished by much research and sound views of the principles of the art. After preliminary observations, which we shall notice more particularly in the sequel, on the merit and style of the best Greek models, Mr. Westmacott passed in general review the early history of the art from the most remote periods to the dawning of its perfection among the Greeks. The limits of a single lecture afford no opportunity for treating this branch of the subject professedly or in detail, for which, indeed, a whole course would barely suffice; the subject, moreover, lies rather within the province of the antiquary than of the lecturer on sculpture, whose principal task it is to inculcate the true taste and principles of art on his hearers, and awaken in them if dormant, fortify if vacillating before vicious examples, and confirm if still surviving, the admiration for what is truly beautiful, and the ambition to emulate the best productions. Mr. Westmacott very properly, therefore, confined himself to an exposition of the generally received notions as to the state of sculpture before the civilised age of Greece; not, however, without enlivening his subject with some interesting suggestions, the fruits of his own observation. Such was the comparison of the drapery of some bas-reliefs of a very early epoch of Greek art in the British Museum, with the drawings of modern Indian dancing-girls, a comparison which presented a very remarkable similarity, and in both instances singular purity, grace, and beauty.

That the improvement of the arts of design among the Etruscans is to be ascribed to the influence of an existing intercourse between Greece and Italy, and to the force of Greek example, was maintained by Mr. Westmacott, in opposition to the opinion that the amelioration of the arts among the Etruscans was spontaneous. In corroboration of the former view of this subject, it was very pertinently asked, in what other way than on the supposition that the Greeks were the masters of the Etruscans, is it to be accounted for that the improvement in design among the latter, and the adoption of Greek fables as the subjects of their compositions, were simultaneous. Among the novelties exhibited by Mr. Westmacott, was a drawing of a very ancient bronze statue reclining, belonging to the learned and celebrated antiquary, the Chevalier Bronsted,—a specimen of Etruscan art of a very ancient epoch, interesting for its antiquity, but of very rude design.

The preliminary observations of Mr. Westmacott, however, formed by far the most interesting part of his discourse. In these he treated as matter of astonishment, that deviations from the true style should have ever taken place, while the

examples of Greek art remained to attest their superior excellence. It is not because they are ancient and Greek, that we are called on to admire the productions of the Phidian age, but because they present to the senses the clear evidence of their superiority over whatever has been since executed, and because, on comparing them with all that the imagination can conceive of most grand, and noble, and excellent in their type, greater perfection must be despaired of. The distinction between style and manner was happily illustrated by reference to various ancient statues, in which similarity of style is to be traced, although they widely differ in manner. The points of identity in style, for instance, between the discobolus and the fighting gladiator, were instanced in the general character of the figures, and in the heads more especially, while the difference in the treatment was shown to be no less traceable, in the former in its greater breadth characteristic of an individual brought into condition by training for a peculiar exercise, and in the other in the more minute and forcible expression of the details. From the class of the *Athleta* Mr. Westmacott proceeded to that of the *Hero*, and urged on the attention of his hearers the beauty, breadth, and strength, with which these more exalted subjects were treated. Hence he took occasion to notice the extraordinary degree in which the specimens of Greek art are characterised by a *correspondence of mind with manual skill*. Perfect in beauty as are the heroic forms of Greek sculpture, the admiration ceases on contemplating the still more wonderful intelligence, the living soul, displayed in the heads. We have often, indeed, been called to the reflection, that in no one instance is the participation in the creative spirit so strongly testified as by the execution of a few figures of antique sculpture, and by the expression, their only rivals, of some of the heads in paintings by Raphael. We regret that our inability and want of time and space oblige us to content ourselves with this imperfect sketch of the very interesting introductory lecture of Mr. Westmacott. We wish that such lectures were more accessible, and that the public in general had opportunities of availing themselves of the benefit to be derived from similar instruction.

HERRNHUT.

ZITTAU, with its beautiful environs, (the mountainous frontier which severs Lusatia and Bohemia,) detained me so long, that I was compelled to cut short my intention of visiting Rothenburg and other spots in Lower Lusatia. In order to arrive at the more immediate object of my peregrination, I shall merely report of Zittau that it lies in a fertile 'carse,' at the efflux of the Wandau into the Neisse, is an extremely neat pretty town, well built,—thanks to Marshal Daun's bombardment in 1757!—contains ten thousand inhabitants, and is edged on every side by gardens. The mortal soil in this quarter should seem to be as prolific as the agricultural; for eight thousand souls are here said to be the human contents of each German square mile.

A nine miles' ride along the high-road towards Dresden, brought me to Herrnhut, the celebrated central station of the Moravian Brethren. Though it is the Rome and Mecca of a sect of that congregation, and the seat of its trade and administration, every street and corner wore the lifelessness of a spot stricken by the plague or palsy. I met with none who appeared to have a thought to spare for objects extraneous to his own cogitations; and at ten at night, the place would have seemed a very desert, had not the tread of two mute guardians of nocturnal slumber, the watchman and his dog, bespoken it the haunt of reclining mortality. A tablet points out the spot where the first tree was felled, when Count Zinzendorf laid the foundations of the town on the 21st of June, 1722. His votaries accumulated to such an extent, that the

original spirit of his system became sensibly enervated; yet the founder himself remained unchanged; a living example of that enthusiasm for which he could find no fitter expression than—'I have but one passion, and that is Christ, and Christ only!' It was this impulse which sped him on his long pilgrimage from one end of the American continent to the other. However buoyant were my spirits, I am free to acknowledge, that the circumstances which surrounded me at Herrnhut, actually stirred up a certain degree of religious excitement within my breast. The place teemed with sacred inscriptions; yet it would be downright hypocrisy not to confess that they were speedily stripped of their effect by the worldly invitation which caught my eye over an inn-door at the adjoining town of Löbau; '*Amice! patet tibi aditus atque lectus, qui vino adusto est obrutus!*' The Bohemian and Moravian brethren, when persecuted by the Jesuits, in the seventeenth century, abandoned their native hearths and emigrated to Saxony and Brandenburg, where they enjoyed the comfort of shaking hands with Protestants; those, however, who settled at Bertholdsdorf, an estate of Zinzendorf's near Herrnhut, professing greater rigidity of discipline and actuated by a more fervid enthusiasm than the rest of their flock, severed themselves from it in 1722, and found in the Count himself a head and pastor 'to their hearts' content.' This enthusiast had, at an early age, fallen into the society of 'the elect,' had practised all their mummeries, held forth most devoutly to the chairs which he had congregated around him in his own apartment, and, but for the interference of his relatives, would have spouted his religious vagaries to the surrounding rustics. It may be supposed that he was ready to receive their 'call,' to pronounce their separation from the remainder of a 'profane' herd, and legislate for his new disciples, both with reference to worldly and religious circumstance. Every act is done in the name of the Redeemer, whom they conceive to take a direct interest in all they do, as their superior elder. Herrnhut is the head-quarters of a sect, whose five hundred thousand votaries are distributed over the whole surface of the globe; its general affairs are conducted by a council of thirteen members, the majority of whom are Germans: each congregation has its own elders; the sexes are carefully kept separate; the working class receives wages for work performed in behalf of the society; the products are housed in a common store; and the state of the treasury—which is styled 'the Lord's Treasury,'—is, as elsewhere, most religiously concealed from vulgar ears.

The Herrnhuters have missionaries in every quarter of the world, but particularly among the negroes of the West Indies, in North and South America, among the Greenlanders and Esquimaux, at the Cape, and in Australasia. Many of them are persuaded that Providence has intended their sect to become the ark of the new covenant, when its doctrines shall have degenerated into mere worldly philosophy with the rest of Christendom. Their enemies have denounced them as a set of Protestant Jesuits, though they can produce no warrant for charging them with the practices or crimes perpetrated by those religious Machiavels. They do not relish the title of 'Herrnhuters,' but style themselves 'Evangelical Brethren.' That there is much piety in their character, cannot be denied; yet their hearts are by no means so substantially estranged from the vanities of this wicked world, and fixed on heavenly things, as they are anxious that that world should believe. I could not watch the stillness and smoothness of their 'outward being,' without being reminded of Magellan, who, in sheer honesty of heart, having experienced nothing but calms in the South Seas, straightway baptises them by the name of 'The Pacific'; howbeit, there is no other known aggregation of waters which is half so tempestuous or unruly.

The Brothers' and Sisters' institutions are con-

ducted with the most rigid precision: praying, singing, working, eating, drinking, and sleeping have each their allotted hours. Two of the brethren mount guard in the dormitory, to render assistance in case of sickness, or rouse the sleepers in the morning; nay, it is part and parcel of their duty, to rouse all snorers, and admonish them to 'cease from snoring, lest they disturb their brethren's rest!' I should be apt to call these establishments Protestant convents, were it not that the industrious habits of their inmates forbid me from degrading them to the level of monks and nuns. Nor must we measure the character of these cloistered disciples, or the general association of which they are a link, by the barometer of common worldly notions, or any prescribed principles of natural law: they live, like all mystics, under the law of grace; and I must be pardoned for observing, that Jesus is to them what the Virgin is to Catholics! Though they abnegate dancing, card-playing, and many other pursuits, which rouse the passions, they are zealous wooers of music, coffee-parties, and rustic rambles. One of my companions got into sad disgrace by strumming a waltz on a piano. 'Well,' thought I to myself, 'we are all of us on a par: *nous abusons du présent, et nous de l'avenir!*'

Their attire is extremely plain, and usually of some dark colour. The female part of the community have an odd custom, and mark their grades by means of ribbons: with girls they are rose-coloured; with grown-up damsels, deep red; with married women, blue; and with widows, grey or white. I should not choose to be the author of such a fetter among our English Belindas, though I know many a fair countrywoman who would yearn after the 'brotherly' and 'sisterly' salutation, and the fond, familiar 'thou,' which belong to the social intercourse of the Herrnhuters. With all this, there is a tedious, monotonous uniformity in their every-day life, which would defy the patience even of those who are most sensible of the value of days of privacy and retirement. As to colloquial intercourse, it is painful and annoying, however sweet may be the tone which speaks of 'seeking grace in his wounds,' of 'blood and wounds,' 'the lamb and the cross,' of 'the nail that pierced his palm,' 'the rod that flayed his back,' and the like. Were this ever-recurring language the emanation of the heart, I should be at a total loss to conceive how these good folks could show an exterior so legibly stamped with symptoms of perfect health and content. 'Prayer is the breath of the soul,' says St. Martin; and theirs holds converse with the Redeemer; so often is faith in the most glaring absurdities a fruit of enthusiasm; nay, they affirm, that responses are given them; but it is not for me to determine whether these responses are of the same genus as the *celestial visits* with which the monk and nun of former ages were favoured!

I was far more interested by their cemetery, the last home of human beings of all climes and complexions: it is a perfect shrubbery. The graves are of a uniform size, bearing no distinctive mark, beyond the year when their tenant came into the world, and that when he departed out of it: the only exception is Count Zinzendorf's resting place, which is distinguished by a larger stone, with this inscription: 'Zinzendorf, born at Dresden, 1700. A man never to be forgotten: he entered into the joy of his Lord, the 9th May, 1760. He was planted to bring forth fruit, and a fruit that doth endure.' Over the entrance is inscribed, 'Christ is risen from the dead;' and on its reverse, 'He is become the first-fruits of them that slept.' They observe a singular and by no means unpleasing custom when one of 'the beloved' dies; the artillery of bells is unknown, but its absence is fitly replaced by the tender note of the flute, or the subdued tone of the horn. The same spirit which has dictated the separation of the sexes in this life, (for they have distinct apartments, and distinct doors for entering and

leaving the place of worship,) provides for them after death; the right hand of the cemetery being occupied by male, and the left hand by female, corpses.

There is something so delightfully pleasing in the cleanliness and unpretending simplicity of whatever meets the eye at Herrnhut, that one might almost be tempted to pitch one's tent within its precincts: this impression, however, takes wing at a nearer acquaintance with the cold observances and rigid discipline required from its in-dwellers. Of its four hundred brothers, and a similar number of sisters, there are not at the utmost above eighty benedicts: I had not time to inquire into the real state of the law—of nature, but was told, that many sisters meet an early grave, and remarked a most uninviting tinge of saffron spread over the features of several amongst them: perchance the blasted hopes, and the outraged feeling, which prey behind the grating of the convent, are not stranger guests in this Protestant nunnery.

When you have seen one Herrnhuter, you have seen the whole race: each is the other's shadow; his dwelling, the square of his physiognomy, and his desperately solemn look, are of one only 'form and pressure,' and fit as nicely as two ends of a piece of bombazeen. It is a law among them not to press their goods upon a customer, or bargain with him; but they never abate in the price first asked, for their articles are good, though dear: they will not accept a pecuniary gratification, but expect the stranger's politesse will open his purse-strings in the way of a purchase. Nothing could be handsomer or more *comme il faut* than my quarters; but, for a hundred miles round, nothing could be dearer: when, however, I reflected that it was all for the good of the 'public purse,' my rouleau of ducats forgave the gripe.

Whatever ill-natured things my worldly-minded pen has set down against them, thus much I must report for them: in all my rambles, far and wide, I have never found their equals in the estimable qualities of order, industry, cleanliness, simplicity, and domestic harmony. Were I not a reasonable being, too fond of the freedom of thought, and too sensible of the mental blessings of pure Christianity, not to spurn the incubus of enthusiasm and mystification, I should verily be tempted to become—a Herrnhuter!

E. D.

THE GIRAFFE.

(Extract of a letter from M. Acerbi.*)

BUFFON, in his description of this animal, sets out with a most gratuitous proposition when he asserts, 'that it is harmless, and, at the same time, one of the most useful of animals.' Now, it is neither less harmless nor more useful than the stag, the elk, or the deer, and much less useful than the rein-deer, which forms so inestimable an appendage of the Laplander's household. When at Alexandria, I had one day ordered the two giraffes (a male and female) taken at Darfur, to be led up and down the square in front of my house: among the crowd collected on the occasion were some Bedouins of the Desert. On inquiring of one of them whether he had ever seen similar animals before, he replied that he had not; and I then asked him in Arabic, 'Taib di? Do they please you?' To which he rejoined, 'Mustaib,' or, 'I do not like them.' Having desired my interpreter to inquire the motives of his disapproval, he answered, 'that it did not carry like a horse, it did not serve for field labours like an ox, did not yield hair like a camel, nor flesh and milk like a goat; and on this account it was not to his liking.' The

* The Venetian Giraffe, here spoken of, is the fourth of that race which the Viceroy of Egypt has sent to Europe: the first was sent to Constantinople, and soon died there, the second came to England; and the third created a fashionable commotion at Paris in 1827.

Bedouin measured his encomium by the standard of usefulness, and considered our wide-mouthed admiration of the creature as a very unaccountable sort of feeling. * * * Nothing can be more unfounded than Buffon's subsequent assertion as to the enormous disproportion of his legs, of which he says, 'the fore ones are as long again as the hinder ones.' This blunder having been reproduced by nearly every writer who has since described the giraffe, it is proper that it should be rectified at once and for ever; for it is a fact that the lower extremities of the hinder legs are actually longer than those of the fore legs. The animal sent to Venice measured, from the knee of the fore leg to the sole of the foot, two feet two inches; * from the first joint of the hinder leg to the sole of the foot, two feet six inches. So that it is four inches higher behind than before, in this particular. There are not two inches of difference between the upper part of the fore and hinder articulations of its legs, if they be measured from the bend of the knee to below the thorax before, and from the bend of the first joint to below the stomach, behind. The greatest disproportion is observable in the length of the shoulder-blade. Our own giraffe measured six feet from the tip of the shoulder to the ground, and five from the rump of the hinder leg to the ground: the difference, therefore, between the fore and hind quarters is about one foot, whilst the lower line formed by the abdomen and stomach, would vary so little as to be almost horizontal. * * * Heliodorus has beautified his giraffe with the 'brilliant hues of its skin and the varied colours of its eyes.' Poetry is fond of embellishments; but, when she ventures to compare its head with the camel's, and its stature with that of the ostrich, nothing can plead her justification. The giraffe has horns,† but the camel has none. The upper lip of the latter is divided, but that of the former is whole; nor can any resemblance be traced in the remaining lineaments of their physiognomies. The camel carries its ears erect like the horse; but the giraffe bears them horizontally like the ox, whose ears they resemble in shape. Without premising the animal's age, it is impossible to speak with accuracy of its size; for, when six months old, it stands six feet high, and when six years of age, sixteen. * * *

There are few naturalists who have not contributed to perpetuate the vulgar error, that 'in eating and drinking from the ground, the giraffe is compelled to stretch his fore-legs *amazingly* forwards.' Some even assert, that 'he is obliged to kneel down.' Of the four animals which fell under my examination, three took their food from the ground with comparative facility; and one of them was scarcely under the necessity of moving its fore-legs at all. * * * I should infer that every giraffe, in a natural state, is enabled to eat or drink from the ground without inconvenience; and that, where any difficulty exists in this respect, it is the effect of habit, acquired in the progress of domestication. It is impossible Nature should have evinced an exclusive niggardness towards this description of animal.

Buffon does not allude to the giraffe's voice, nor inform us whether it has a voice, or is dumb. During the whole period of my visits, when both animals were together, I did not hear the slightest sound from either of them; and, when I questioned their keeper on this point, he told me that, whilst they had been under his care, he had only once heard a species of short, monosyllabic lowing proceed from them: this might have been an attempt to cough, or some other jurgular

* These are in Austrian measure, of which one foot is equivalent to 12 45-100ths English inches.

† M. Ruppel, a German traveller, who has recently returned from Africa, and was frequently engaged in hunting the giraffes, and captured several old ones, tells me that the protuberance which shows itself on their forehead after the age of seven years, becomes a third horn, which, in the course of time, grows to a length of four to six inches.

motion occasioned by the act of swallowing or masticating their food. Neither do I recollect to have ever heard the rein-deer's voice, though I spent several days among them, and saw numerous herds of those animals in Lapland. I thought I remarked a singular resemblance between the giraffe and rein-deer, arising out of a sort of internal crackling of the mouth, and produced, in my opinion, by the friction of the jaws in both instances. May not this slender sound be sufficient for all the purposes of animal converse in the deep solitude of the desert or the forest? ***

We are quite in the dark as to the useful qualities of the giraffe, and have every reason to conceive that these remain yet to be developed by the hand of man. Its disposition is certainly as mild and gentle as that of the horse: it shows a fondness for human beings, and obeys their will; I have frequently seen it lick men's beards with its tongue, and rub their chins in a fondling manner, and with evident fear of giving offence. Its courage is cowed where it meets with resistance; its anger is manifested by violent puffing of the nostrils, through which it emits its breath with a noise and impetus which would extinguish a light at ten or twelve feet distance. It threatens, not only by throwing its feet forwards or laterally, but by giving a slight jump towards the object it wishes to frighten. Two men, seizing it by the head, would readily throw it to the ground. ***

Three of the most civilised nations in Europe are at this moment in possession of specimens of this singular animal; and it is devoutly to be wished that they may give occasion to investigations of such a useful character, as to deprive the Bedouin of the Desert of his right to tax us with the barrenness of our curiosity?

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitateque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—*Plinius Epistola.*

I.

'Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1.—POETICAL.

Cowley's Confession.—We are, therefore, wonderful wise men, and have a fine business of it, who spend our lives in poetry. I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with myself, when I think on it; and, if I had a son inclined to the same folly, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest conjunctions of paternal blessing. For what can be more ridiculous than to labour to give men delight, whilst they labour on their part most earnestly to take offence. This I do affirm, that from all which I have written, I never received the least benefit or the least advantage; but, on the contrary, sometimes felt the effects of malice and misfortune.—*Pref. to the Cat. of Coleman's St.*

Elysium.

Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glow in the fruits, and mantles on the stream;
No storm deforms the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatters in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,
Whose virgin bloom, beneath the ruddy fruit,
Reflects its tint and flushes into love.—*Shelley.*

The Dawn of Spring.

All nature seems at work—slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring;
And I, the while the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Coleridge.

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Youth.—We have so much fire, so much imprudence, in our first youth, we dart forward in life with so much vivacity. The mind, however cultivated, will never supply the want of years; for, though we may learn to talk as if experienced, we act not according to our perceptions; we have a kind of fever in our ideas, which does not permit us to conform our conduct to our reasonings.

Reasonable Melancholy.

Tell me no more of sweets and joys;
Miscall not things;
Nor flatter poor unworthy toys
As they were kings.
Tis not a pretty name
That can transform the frame
Of bitterness, and cheat a sober taste;
'Tis not a smile
That can beguile
Good eyes, and on false joys true colours cast.
Come hither, grief; one draught of thee
Will taste more sweet
Than all false joy's hypocrisy,
Which here doth greet
Deluded souls; one tear
Flows with more honey far
Than all Hyblæan hives; one pious sigh
Breathes sweeter air
Than all the fair
Arabia, and can sooner reach the sky.

Dr. Beaumont, edit. 1749.

3.—DRAMATICAL.

Games Forbidden.—Time of recreation (says a writer against stage-plays in 1599) is necessarie, I graunt, and thinke as necessarie for scholars, that are scholars in deede, as it is for any. Yet, in my opinion, it were not fit for them to play at steele-ball among wenches, nor at chance or maw with idle loose companions, nor at trunks in guile-halls, nor to danse about may-poles, nor to ruffle in alehouses, nor to carouse in tavernes, nor to steale deere, nor to rob orchards.—*Overthrow of Stage Plaies, 4to., 1599, p. 23.*

4.—RHETORICAL.

Verbiage.—Eloquence (as wee take eloquence) is of no use, but among such eares as call a bagpipe musick, it fits them, and among them must be used; but among wise men, it is to distrust their vnderstandings, loosing them in repetitions and tautologies. The vertue of things is not in their bignesse but quality: and so of reason, which, wrapped in a few words, hath the best tang. Those, which are subject to this prodigality, they should helpe themselves, as stuttermers, by learning to sing; so these, by making verses, whose number tyes vp words, and giues reason liberty, carrying reason leuelle to the soule; and giuing a report out of the mouth, as gunpowder from ordnance. This disease of words, let in by Cicero, was not long after let out; for Augustus, following almost in the fury of the showre, was faine to arme himselfe with writing all he meant to speake seriously, euen his speeches to his wife, which was painful and dangerous; for, if the woman had bene led by his example, the world sure at this day had bene inhabited by nothing but papers; yet he durst not doe otherwise, lest 'plus minusve loqueretur ex tempore' which cannot chuse but happen to a tongue that runnes proud after words. But they are who send messengers without an errand, that speake, and yet geld their speech of meaning, like a fouled sheete of paper, without any infolding. Thus, I have heard speech cast out of a mouth worse than riddles, which neither speaker nor hearer could interpret.—*Sir W. Cornwallis's Essays, 43.*

5.—ROMANCING.

Scientific Romancing.—If you call botany beautiful, and astronomy sublime, I call geology romantic, because it not only leads us to travel among the wildest scenery of nature, but carries the imagination back to the birth and infancy of our little planet, and follows its history of deluges, and hurricanes, and earthquakes, which have left us numerous traces of their devastations. Would you not think it romantic to travel, as must be done by the geological inquirer, among mountains and valleys, where the tempests have bared and shattered the hardest rocks, and where alternate rains and frosts are crumbling the solid materials of mountains, while the springs and rivers wash away the fragments, to deposit them again in the various stages of their course? And would you not think it romantic to dream about the young world, emerging from darkness, and rejoicing in the first dawn of created light? To think of the building of mountains, the hollowing out of valleys, and the gathering together of the great waters of the ocean? And will it not be romantic to discover the traces of the ancient world before the time of Noah, in every hill and valley you examine?—*Conversations on Geology.*

6.—PICTURESQUE.

Dovedale.—The River Dove is transparent to the bottom, except when it is covered with foam of the purest white, under falls which are perfectly lucid. These are numerous, but very different; in some places

they stretch straight across, or aslant the stream; in others, they are only partial, and the water either dashes against the stones, and leaps over them, or, pouring along a steep, rebounds upon those below. Sometimes it rushes through the several openings between them, and at other times it is driven back by the obstruction, and turns into an eddy. In one particular spot, the valley almost closing, leaves hardly a passage for the river, which, pent up, and struggling for vent, rages, and roars, and foams, till it has extricated itself from confinement. In other parts the stream, though never languid, is often gentle, flows round a little desert island, glides between aits of bulrushes, disperses itself among tufts of grass and of moss, bubbles about a water-dock, or plays with the slender threads of aquatic plants, which float upon the surface.—*Whately's Obs. on Mod. Gard., 114.*

7.—MUSICAL.

Impress of Musicians.—We have more than once mentioned the violent and tyrannical means to which our early sovereigns had recourse in procuring musicians. On looking over the 'Fœdera' of Rhymers, we met with the following curious document upon this subject, referring to the reign of Henry the Fourth:—'De ministris propter solatium Regis providendis.—Rex, (Henricus Quartus,) delectis sibi W. Halyday, R. Marshall, W. Wykes, et J. Clyff, salutem. Sciatis, quod nos, considerantes qualiter quidem ministri nostri jam tardè viam universæ carnis sunt ingressi, aliisque de necesse indigentes, assignavimus vos conjunctim, et divisim, ad quosdam pueros membris naturalibus elegantes, in arte ministratibus instructos, ubicunque inveniri poterint, tam infra libertates, quam extra, capiendum, et in servitio nostro ad vadia nostra ponendum,' &c.—*Rhymers, Fœdera, ii., p. 315.*

8.—CRITICAL.

Asses' Ears of Cæsus.—Budaus, in his treatise 'De Asse,' institutes a comparison between Cæsus and Midas, and explains the asses' ears with which that Phrygian tyrant was endowed, to have been typical of the spies and emissaries he kept in pay:—'At ille calamitate, et summo atque ignominioso vitæ discrimine inclauit, hic auribus asininis non aureis innotuit. Ex eo enim in proverbium venit, quod multos otacustas, id est auricularios et emissarios habere, rumorum captatores et sermonum delatores, ejusmodi habere solent principes mali qui stimulante conscientia securi esse nequeunt.'

The Inebriation of Lot.—In the history of Lot after his leaving Sodom, it appears that the inspired writer has shown us, that every deviation from rectitude is pregnant with evil, and certain to be productive of the most pernicious consequences; for it is evident that, had Lot not separated himself from his virtuous benefactor, Abraham, and had he not taken up his abode with the most wicked of men, he would not have been involved in their ruin. The sacred historian wished also, most probably, to point out, that good intentions alone do not justify improper means. Considering the narrative in this point of view, there seems to be no reasonable objection to the morality of its introduction. Mr. Bellamy, however, having persuaded himself that Lot was a saint, and that a saint cannot be guilty of a fault, even unintentionally, concluded that Lot was not inebriated, as it is expressly stated in the 19th chapter of Genesis, verses 33—35. Contrary to this opinion, it appears, as well from the text as from Rabbinical tradition, that so thoroughly have the Jews been persuaded of Lot's inebriation, that the opinion has past into a proverb; and, whenever they wish to express in familiar discourse, that a person is *dead drunk*, they say that *he is as drunk as Lot*. Yet, in defiance of this traditional opinion, in spite of the Hebrew text, Mr. Bellamy will have it that Lot was quite sober; and, to prove it, he so distorts the Hebrew words from their obvious meaning,—makes such a confusion between nominatives, genitives, datives, and accusatives,—and, in a number of loquacious notes, pours out such volumes of abuse against the translators, ancient and modern,—that any person at all acquainted with the rudiments of the Hebrew must be at a loss at which to be most surprised—at Mr. Bellamy's ignorance, or at his presumption.

9.—SEFULCHRAL.

Rocking-stones.—According to Dr. McCulloch, the action of the weather wears away part of the jointings of large blocks of granite, which are in consequence left resting on a kind of central pivot, and are, from that circumstance, easily moved, notwithstanding their immense weight and bulk. These are called *tors*, or rocking-stones, and were the objects of Druid superstition. That it is possible for a naturalist, as shrewd and profound as Dr. McCulloch conceived himself to

be, to fall into mistakes from deficiencies in scholarship, may appear from the following translation of a passage from Apollonius Rhodius:—He slew them in the sea-surrounded Tenos, and raised a hillock about them, and placed two stones on the top: of which one (the wonder of men) moves to the sonorous breath of the north wind; i.e. a rocking-stone. Ah, Dr. McCulloch! thou art wise above what is written!

10.—SUPERSTITIOUS.

Religion of Hindoo Barbers.—The barbers in Calcutta, &c., keep every body's holiday.—Hindoos, Jews, Musulmans, Armenians, Portuguese, and English,—and reap a good harvest at each by their comic way of begging.—*Miss Graham's Journal*, p. 34.

11.—ONEIROLOGICAL.

Good and Bad Dreams.—Cicero notes, that, for the most part, our speeches in the daytime cause our phantasy to work upon the like in our sleep; which Ennius writes of Homer:

'Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat;'

as a dog dreams of a hare, so do men on such subjects they thought on last.

'Somnia, que mentes induunt volitantibus umbris,
Nec delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit,' &c.

For that cause, as Aristhenes tells us in his history, when Ptolemy, king of Egypt, had posed the seventy interpreters in order, and asked the nineteenth man, What would make one sleep quietly in the night? he told him, 'The best way was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the daytime.' Vives, in his third book, 'De Causis Corrupt. Art.' wonders 'how schoolmen could sleep quietly, and were not terrified in the night, or walk in the dark, they had such monstrous questions, and thought of such terrible matters all day long.' They had need, amongst the rest, to sacrifice to god Morpheus, whom Philostratus paints in a white and black coat, with a horn and ivory box full of dreams, of the same colours, to signify good and bad.—*Miscellanea Curiosa*.

12.—MAGICAL.

Feats of Magicians.—They can make fire,—it shall not burn; fetch thieves or stolen goods; show their absent faces in a glass; make serpents lie still; staunch blood; salve gouts, epilepsies, biting of mad dogs, tooth-ache, melancholy, *et omnia mundi mala*; make men immortal, young again, as the Spanish Marquis is said to have done by one of his slaves, and some, which jugglers in China maintain still (as Tragatius writes) that they can do, by their extraordinary skill in physic, and some of our modern chemists by their strange limbecks, by their spells, philosophers' stones, and charms. 'Many doubt,' saith Nicholas Taurellus, 'whether the devil can cure such diseases he hath not made, and some flatly deny it; howsoever, common experience confirms, to our astonishment, that magicians can work such feats, and that the devil, without impediment, can penetrate through all the parts of our bodies, and cure such maladies by means to us unknown.' Danaus, in his tract, 'De Sortitiis,' subscribes to this of Taurellus; Erastus ('De Lamiis') maintaineth as much; and so do most divines,—that out of their excellent knowledge and long experience, they can commit, *agentes cum patientibus, colligere semina rerum, eaque materia applicare*, as Austin infers (*De Civ. Dei et de Trinit.*, lib. 3, caps. 7, 8,) they can work stupendous and admirable conclusions; we see the effects only, but not the causes of them.—*Dict. Infernal*.

II.

'That knowledge is not to be reckoned useless which, though useless it itself, sharpens genius and sets the mind in order.'

LORD BACON.

1.—POLITICAL.

Husbandmen Soldiers.—The ancients, who certainly understood the art of warfare as well as the moderns, seldom employed their husbandmen in the duties of war. They were, even in many states of antiquity, not allowed the right of citizenship.

We shall be told, no doubt, that Cincinnatus cultivated his own fields: but this will not much alter our position, as we know that in most states the soldiers minded nothing else except the profession of war. Montesquieu, somewhere in his 'Esprit des Loix,' has attempted unsuccessfully to account for this. We do not think there is much occasion for far-fetched speculations about it. The lands were possessed by the soldiers and cultivated by slaves. The former were, on that account, sometimes called 'Agricolæ,' and sometimes the latter. It is in the first sense we are to understand it, when the ancients praise farming, and in the last, when they blame it. 'Omnium autem,' says Cicero, 'rerum ex quibus aliquid requiritur, nihil

est agricultura melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius. Mea quidem sententia, haud scio an ulla beator esse possit, neque solum officio, quod hominum generi universo est salutaris; sed et delectatione et saturitate.'

2.—HISTORICAL.

Ireland formerly named Scotia.—The poet Claudian, in his panegyric on the consulate of Honorius, describing the lamentation of Ireland for the daughter of her allies, whom she had sent into Britain, thus hath sung:

'Maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcades; incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thule;
Scotorum cumulos levit glacialis lerne.'

And in the praise of Stilicho, while setting forth the warlike preparations of the Irish people who had come to the assistance of the Picts; so that with their allied force, the Scots who dwelled in Ireland, and the Picts who dwelled in Britain, they might attack the Britons; thus he introduceth Britain herself exulting in his provident care for her safety:

'Me quoque Vicinis pereuntem gentibus, inquit.
Manavit Stilicho; totam cum Scotia ibernam,
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
Illius effectum curis ne bella timerem
Scotica; ne Pictum tremorem; ne littore tuto
Prospererem dubilis ventura Saxona ventis.'

3.—TRADITIONAL.

Welsh Traditions concerning Noah.—Hu Gadarn, supposed Noah, was famous for drawing the Avanc (the water-cooped animal) out of Llyn Llion, (the aggregate of floods,) by means of the Ychain Banog; (the trunched oxen;) the building a ship for every living thing by Nerydd Nav Neivion when the Llyn Llion inundated the world; the forming of scientific stores by Groyddon Gauheldon, on which were written every art and science, was another of the three great achievements.—*Kennedy*, II.

4.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

St. Patrick Non-existent.—Saint Patrick has been supposed the great apostle of the Irish, and to have effected the great work of their conversion. But the stories related of this apostle are doubtless legendary tales, or theological romances, fabricated four centuries after his imaginary existence.—*Gordon's Hist. of Ireland*, vol. ii., 28-9.

I do not believe either in the existence of St. Patrick, or in that of his brother Senan, who seems to be no other than the River Shannon. Pinkerton has shown how Hector Boethius, in pure ignorance, testified an old cloak, under the name of St. Amphibolus, and these things were common in early times, and I have no doubt that the great Irish Apostle, upon proper inquiry, will turn out to be a mountain near Inverness; called Craig Phud-ray, or Rock Patnith; or not improbably, he may have some close connection with the Arkite Mythology, and may perhaps be Noah himself, or even the ark; for we know that this mythology extended to the neighbouring kingdom of Cambria, as Mr. Faber has lately proved that the celebrated King Arthur was no other than Noah, or perhaps the Isle of Arran.—*See Faber's Diss. on the Cabiri*, vol. ii., and his *Origin of Pag. Idol.* ii., 393.

SONNET.

THERE was a cave, as if the earth were wounded,
A dungeon-seeming valley's deepest cell,
Where eddying whirlwinds scream'd a forceful knell,
And pines like noon-day spectres trembled round it,
And the swart spot with icy crags was bounded.
A man made monster by a beast-like fell
Of clotted hair amid this tomb did dwell,
Fill'd with a curse whose horror never sounded.
He watch'd a fire wherein a casket small
Of sternest iron glower'd a scorching white,
Nor turn'd away his sullen eyes at all,
But on it fix'd his hard devouring sight:
It held the heart which long, long years before,
From one whom he had cause to hate, he tore.

BRANDANE.

Aphorism by Lavater.—Know that the great art to love your enemy consists of never losing sight of man in him. Humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what becomes a man; but you must wait.

Danger of Ebrity.—The Catholics' legends tell us of one of their hermits to whom the devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but, when drunk, committed the other two.

VARITIES.

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it first, and the strong head possessed it last.—*J. Taylor*.

Sensual desires are nothing but an impatience of being well and wise, of being in health, and being in our wits.—*J. Taylor*.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—*Epictetus*.

Time delivers fools from grief, and reason wise men.—*Epictetus*.

Flattery cannot be too strong for kings; drunk with it from infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater*.

Few have even heard of Vicars' Translation of the *Æneid*. The only copy we ever met is without a date: it is evidently earlier than Dryden's or Pitt's. This specimen from the sixth Book, will show that it deserves better than to be forgotten.

'Before the porch, in the first gape of hell,
Foul mournings and tormenting cares did dwell;
Deadly diseases, old-age anguishes,
Fear, faulty famine, want's lean languishes;
Affrighting forms, fierce death, and deadly toils;
Death's kinsman, sleep; false filthy joy, that soils
Men's souls. On the other side were deadly wars,
The fury's beds of steel, and desperate jars:
Her viperous hair tied up in bloody bands,
In th' midst a mighty shaggy elm there stands,
With weather-beaten boughs and aged arms
Where usually, (they say,) vain dreams and charms
Made their abodes, and 'bout the leaves did bide,
And many furious, fierce wild beasts beside.

He invades authors like a monarch: what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him.—*Dryden on Ben Jonson*.

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar: for without these the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and ruin, and the action is sinful, or unprofitable and vain.—*J. Taylor*.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling, this, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this it is which makes him the immortal creature that he is.—*Jean Paul*.

A Priestess making ready for Sacrifice.

Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That decked her in her secret sacred deeds:
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figured chaste desire.
A golden star shined in her naked breast,
In honor of the Queen-light of the East;
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transformed a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for whose sake she ever since that time
Chooed doves to draw her coach thro' heaven's blue
clime;
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder; her harmonious limbs
Sustained no more than a most subtle veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the wraekst air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair.

Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

French and English Sermon-writers.—Few of the French sermon-writers deserve translation. Bossuet and Saurin have more of thought, argument, and of elegant decoration, which depends not on the language but the idea, than their competitors. Flechier is over-rated in his country. Massillon has a brilliant oration on the consecration of colours. Bourdaloue is ingenious and stately, but wants originality and feeling. For a patriot it is consolatory to observe, how inferior to the Jeremy Taylors, the Halls, the Barrows, are these continental orators; how much less of learning, of style, of argument, has bushed their doubts, has crowned their zeal, has winged their hopes. Well might infidelity triumph, where it had only to assail such ordinary retrenchments; well might floundering piety despair, where it had only such whips of straw to catch at.

A letter from Berlin represents the Baron Alexander de Humboldt to be preparing for his journey to the Caucasus. The Emperor of Russia has sent him an invitation to visit the mountains of the Ural, at the expense of his Government, and to communicate to the Imperial Cabinet his views upon the working of the mines in that country, and the amelioration of which it is susceptible.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Second Edition of the new sacred poem, 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal,' dedicated, with permission, to Professor Millman, has been already called for, and is announced accordingly.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

- Dr. Forster on the Diseases of Health, 8vo. 7s.
Q.'s First Spelling Book for Children, 12mo. coloured 3s. 6d.
A Cantab's Leisure Prose and Verse, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.
The Bookbinder's Manual, 2s. 6d.
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Tales of a Voyage to the Arctic Ocean, second series, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Nollekens and his Times, new edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 21s.
Mémoires du Maréchal Suchet, Duc d'Albaféra, vol. II, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translation of the Apostolical Epistles, with notes, 8vo., 12s.
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Melmoth's Great Importance, 1s. 6d.
Moral and Sacred Poetry, 12mo. 7s.
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Syllabus of Locke's Essays, 18mo., 1s.
Pinnock's Geography made easy, 18mo., 3s. Woodcuts, 1s. 3d.
Dickson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions, 8vo., Third Edition, by T. M. Talfourd, Esq. 1l. 3s.
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Wentworth's Executor, by Jeremy, 16s.
The Manual for Invalids, by a Physician, 12mo., 9s.
Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy, 3 vols., 12mo., 16s.
Mabire's Guide to French Conversations, Eighth Edition, 4s.
Kirby and Spence's Entomology, Fifth Edition, 4 vols., 8vo., 4l.
Confirmation by the laying on of hands, considered as an Ordinance of the Church of Christ, especially in relation to the Church of England. By the Rev. T. H. Kingdon. B.H. 1s. 6d.
Evenings in Greece, by G. Harboure, 12mo., 5s.
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Restaurer, or The Forfeiture, by the Author of 'St. Johnston, or John Earl of Gowrie.' 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.
Midsummer Holidays at Ariana's hall, 12mo., 6s.
Greek Extracts, chiefly from the Attic Writers, with a Vocabulary, for the Use of the Edinburgh Academy, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Dorsey's Contemplations and Letters, a new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Temperature registered during the day. | Feb. | Therm. A.M. P.M. | Barom. at Noon. | Winds. | Weather. | Prevailing Clouds. |
|----------------------------------------|------|---------------------|--------------------|-----------|--------------|-----------------------|
| Mon. 9.364 | 40 | 30. 28 | NW to W | Fair Cl. | Cirrostratus | |
| Tues. 10.372 | 38 | 30. 30 | N. | Ditto. | Ditto. | |
| Wed. 11.412 | 45 | 30. 30 | N.W. | Mst. a.m. | Ditto. | |
| Thurs. 12.42 | 45 | 30. 36 | W. | Moist. | Ditto. | |
| Frid. 13.434 | 45 | 30. 14 | N.W. | Fair Cl. | Ditto. | |
| Sat. 14.43 | 42 | 30. 14 | SW to W | Ditto. | Cymoid do. | |
| Sun. 15.46 | 45 | 30. 07 | Ditto. | Rain P.M. | Cirrostratus | |

Nights fair, except on Thursday; mornings generally moist and foggy.
Highest temperature at noon, 49°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury at his greatest elongation on Thursday.
Mercury nearest the Sun on Friday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 2° 45' in Aquar.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 12° 17' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 28° 55' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 26° 32' in Pisces.
Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 58 min. Increased, 2 h. 14 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9,99918.

YELVA; or, THE ORPHAN OF RUSSIA.

The following Songs, &c., in the new Musical Drama of 'Yelva, or the Orphan of Russia,' composed by Henry R. Bishop, are published:—
'The peasant from her cheerful home.' Sung by Miss Goward.
'Oft at day-break the storm.' . . . Mr. Wood.
'I have wandered the world over.' . . . Ditto.
'Poor Love would have built.' . . . Miss Goward.
'Yes, Memory o'er these halls.' . . . Miss Forde.
'When doomed to part, Duet, sung by Miss Goward & Mr. Wood.
'Though from our cheerful home.' Round for three voices.
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THE LONDON REVIEW.

Edited by the Rev. BLANCO WHITE, will be published on Friday next, the 20th instant.

This day is published, in royal 8vo., price 12s., in boards, **NOTICES of the LIFE and WORKS of TITIAN;** with a Descriptive Catalogue of Engravings, after his Pictures, from the Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris. Printed for J. Rodwell, 46, New Bond-street.

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HISTORY of RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT. By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEIGUR. A French edition will appear at the same time. Printing for Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter, 30, Soho-square, London.

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CATHOLIC QUESTION.
On Wednesday next will be published, **EVIDENCE of the BRITISH CONSTITUTION,** established at the Glorious Revolution, 1688; with a view to the Principles of the House of Brunswick, as identified with the Inheritance of the Throne; and to a consideration whether the removal of the disabilities of Roman Catholics can be effected consistently with those Principles, and, 'with the full and permanent security of our establishments in Church and State, with the maintenance of the Reformed Religion established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the Bishops and of the Clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their charge.' Addressed to the Freeholders of Great Britain, and the People at large.—By a Devonshire Freeholder.
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